

THE LOVING  
HUSBAND,

3 III

And Prudent

WIFE;

Represented in the persons  
of *St. Eustachius* and *Theo-*  
*pista*, Martyrs.



---

Written in Italian by *John*  
*Baptista Manzini*, and en-  
glished by *John Burbery*.

---

The Historie is confirmed by *Bar-*  
*onius*, with the testimony of  
Greek and Latine Authors.

---

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Martin*, and  
*J. Allestrye*, at the Bell in  
*St. Paul's Churchyard*,

1657.

BEW

2000-01-01





To the most incomparable Pair, and no less happy in affection, than matchless in worth, and honour, the Right Honourable *Henry Howard* of *Arundell*, my most noble Patron, and the Ladie *Anne* his Wife.

**I**S related of the River *Alpheus*, that by subterra-  
A 2 ra-

*The Estistle*

•  
ranean passages, it  
runs awhile un-  
seen through the  
Countrey of *E-*  
*lis*, but afterwards  
breaking out, re-  
pairs to the Sea,  
though with no  
great stream. The  
rivulet of my  
thanks (for your  
favour to me, all  
along my atten-  
dance

*Dedictory.*

dance on my Lords  
of happy memo-  
ry, your Grand-  
father, and Father,  
and since more  
abundantly ex-  
press'd during my  
service with your  
Honours ) which  
long hath been con-  
ceal'd, ( it having  
no proportion with  
the Sea of your  
boun-

*The Epistle*

bounty) now openly runs thither, though blushing all the way, at the smallness of the stream. But since at any rate I desire to be gratefull to your Honours, ( I publishing with my gratitude my own imperfections ) whom can I  
more

*Dedictory.*

more worthily en-  
title to this Book,  
since the one is so  
loving a Husband,  
and the other so  
prudent a Wife?  
The Dedication  
then by right be-  
longing to your  
Honours, (Valour  
and Beauty, with  
the virtues of both  
Sexes, meeting in  
you,

*The Epistle*

you, as lines in the  
center) what juster  
Oblation could be  
made, if the Offer-  
ring had resem-  
blance with your  
Honours high de-  
serts? But the Sun  
not secluding the  
Valleys from the  
influence of his  
rayes, invites me  
to hope, your Ho-  
nours

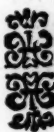
## *Dedicatory.*

nours (like the Sun  
in the luster of  
your Families) will  
descend into this  
Valley, and se-  
clude not from the  
influence of your  
favourable aspect,  
the humble la-  
bours of

*Your Honours most devoted,  
and most faithfull humble  
Servant,*

John Burbery.

The



**Th**

a



he v

to

wou

thin

A g

a gr

The





# The Loving Husband, and Prudent Wife, &c.

---

## The first Book.

---

**T**H E merit of Virtue is so great, and so glorious with Man, that if Man ow'd not Virtue to God, he would owe less to God than to Virtue. And what benefit would Life be, if Life were nothing else but a bundle of evils? A good life, said the Moralist, is a greater benefit than life it self. The merit of Virtue (a Treasure

B                      we

we have happily gotten out of the Exchequer of Gods grace ) is the thing that hath made Man admir'd many times above all earthly Creatures. And what wonder is it , that an Angel, whose object is so blessed , and whose nature so perfect , should alwayes live burning in the love of that Creator he beholds and enjoys ? A wonder it is , and a wonder for a Deity, that is seated on a Throne of Omnipotency , to see that a worm of the earth, oppress'd with the weight of his carnal desires, wrestling with the distraction of so many flattering objects , and oppos'd by Hells treacheries and power, should be every where invincible , and triumphing over all dangers, by a heat of love , mount above the sphear of all corporeal things on the wings of Charity ; and flying into the bosome of his Maker , miraculously engraft, and transform

form himself wholly into his Creator. If the reverence (due to the profound depths of heavenly wisdom) commanded not my silence, I should presume to say, that to so rebellious an Angel as *Lucifer*, a man so pious as he I speak of, should in reason have been Guardian. Perhaps his example might have kept him in his duty, who hath rear'd with a handfull of Clay, an Altar to his God, to the shame of a noble spirit, whose sacrilegious lasted but a while, to make him more eminent in his sin, than his nature.

Of such men renowned for Virtue, the Stories of Christian Religion relate many. And because to arrive at the perfection of so holy a state, Virtue is necessary, and cannot be better learned than by an Example, I have thought it fit to give the Reader a Pattern, which we by imitation may improve to our advantage.

In the life of *Eustachius* you will reade the Idea of Perfection. His Heart was Love's Forge; his Bosome a Shop of Martyrdom. Whatever we believe of all the Unfortunate, we may pity in *Eustachius* alone. His life made him a Martyr, perhaps too a greater than his death; yea nothing but onely death hath contributed to his rest, among the intollerable and uncessant torments of so painfull a life. Who-soever hath not read his life, knows not yet how God playes at Tennis. *Job* in the old Testament would have been Envie's subject, if *Eustachius* had not been born. *Eustachius* hindred *Job* from being singular, and *Job* him from being the first. Who-soever gives not credit to Miracles, let him forbear reading this Story; in which it's a Miracle to me, my heart doth not break in running it over, much more in writing

writing it. He that denies Tribulation in a good man is a gift of God, shall see by reading here, whether it were possible a man of ill life could suffer, without despair, the thousandth part of the disasters of this heart without heart. I call the heart of *Eustachius* a heart without heart, supposing Christ did there the office of a heart. And I cannot think it possible, that had not God assisted particularly, he could have opposed, much more overcome the power of Hell, so much at liberty, and set on to ruine him, who being onely flesh, in the end would have shewed his weakness.

Of the Father of *Eustachius*, his Nativity, and Countrey, we have no light at all from Antiquity; were it that the Writers employ'd about the miracles of his life, had no leisure to celebrate his birth; or were it, that God

( being alwayes mysterious )  
 would not let him be known to  
 descend from the Earth, whom  
 he had predestin'd to be a great  
 Ornament to his Heaven, and our  
 Law. It's the fate of the famous  
 Rivers, *Euphrates* and *Tygris*,  
 to derive their springs from Para-  
 dise.

He was born, and liv'd long  
 in the errours of the Gentiles,  
 and barbarous Infidels: but true  
 it is also, that in the whole car-  
 riage of his life, nothing could be  
 ever observ'd to be barbarous, but  
 his Paganism. He liv'd in *Tra-  
 jan's* time, God would not per-  
 mit him, or his Prince, to be born  
 in an age of impiety. *Trajan* de-  
 serv'd to be born in a time when  
 the justice of his Faith must be  
 purg'd, as that of his Govern-  
 ment. But Almighty God, who  
 was pleas'd to try his Church, to  
 make it victorious, design'd that  
 age for Princes, the hardness of  
 whose

whose hearts was to serve for a resemblance with the mines of a rising Faith.

He was called *Placidus* from his Cradle, perhaps with less expression of his mildness than his happiness. Even his name assur'd him, he should be very acceptable to God.

Being born in a Countrey (if we may believe his valour, which perswades us to think he was a Roman) and in an age that reduced all Virtues to Courage, he went to the Wars, to train up his Youth in the School of *Mars*. In a short space of time, his Valour was so cry'd up by all, that he (like another *Leonides*) was supposed to have a hairy heart in his breast. In dangers he was greater than dangers, and less onely than his own Gallantry, which was sway'd by his Prudence alone. The Souldiers had him a'wayes for a object to imi-

tate, the Commanders for a subject to commend, and the Enemy for a Thunderbolt to fear.

If he fought, he overcame; and if he conquer'd, he fought not. He never shew'd more valour, than when he had occasion to pardon; and never more generously pardon'd, than when the Enemy despair'd more of Pardon than Victory. He rejoyced in conquering, not in killing; and onely then kill'd, when Clemency was Cruelty, or dangerous. He was not enamour'd of a great, but good report; neither measur'd he his Victories by the space the Dead took up, but that the Suppliants fill'd. To affirm, he had a calm minde; it is enough to say, his minde would never yield to be conquer'd. He that is magnanimous, loves Victories, and not Slaughters. Whosoever spills blood with delight, may well boast of being a valorous  
Tiger,



Tiger, but cannot be a Soldier.

As he went not temerariouſly to the Wars, but was invited thither by Glory; ſo his forward ſpirit never engag'd him in their errors; who running more impetuoſly than warily after Fame, fall into a thouſand precipices. His good ſervice, and prudence, gave him preſently the character of a worthy Commander; which the Emperour hearing of, he was not long a Pretender to Employment for the Armies, whoſe nobleſt part he was. His ſingular Valour more advanc'd him in the end, to the higheſt Commands, than the favour of his Maſter. How he warr'd, the Jews can tell, to whom was more terrible the ſweet name of *Placidus*, than were at other times the Chariots of *Pharaoh*.

As ſoon as the Wars were at an end, *Placidus* went to Rome,

B 5                    where

where by his milde nature , his unblemished deportment , but more by his great charity , in relieving all necessitous persons, he made himself so infinitely famous, and was by all the Empire so belov'd , that he made the Politicians rule fail , enjoying at once the love of the People, and the favour of the Prince. I might speak something of his inclinations, but let this suffice. He was such a man , that albeit an Infidel , he got the love of God. His house was a very safe refuge to all that were unfortunate. Whosoever was in misery , and came to him for succour , was certain of releif. Whosoever wanted counsel , found him his surest Oracle. His counsels were so wise , that his mouth seem'd to be a womb of wisdom. They were so candid and sincere , that *Salomon* would have call'd them , the sons of a tongue of choyce

choyce silver. They were so usefull, and so wholesome, that with the Holy Ghost we may say, The mouth of the just is a vein of life.

His good disposition was transparent through the sweetness of his carriage. Every man knew he was a man, but they who hold intelligence with Heaven, would have taken him for an Angel.

He carry'd himself with a gravity that was gracefull, and had nothing of the haughty; neither did his mildness ever lessen his respect, or his rigour his love. He had the majesty, not the pride of his equals. He was like *Nilus*, which onely of all Rivers is not subject to winde. He had the air of a Souldier, both in his demeanour and countenance: but his sweet disposition and mildness assur'd, he had in his breast erected a Temple to Peace. He resembled the propitiatory Cherubims,

bins, was Gold without, and of Olive wood within ; as the Wand which *Brutus* presented in the Temple of *Delphos* to *Apollo*, a Rinde of the Cornel tree, a Soul of pure Gold. In fine, our *Placidus* was so milde, and so just, that the Publick would have sent none but him to receive the Mother of the Gods, if she again sailing on the Seas, had arriv'd on the Roman Coast.

At length he resolved to marry, perswaded not onely by the pleasures enjoy'd in Peace, and preferments by War, but the ordinary inclination of man, to have a Consort for his own content, and the good of the Universe.

And it succeeded well, he espousing *Trajana*, a Gentlewoman of rare chastity; and in her affection and deportment so conformable to her Husband, that her Habitation was a School of Musick,

Musick, in which, from several voyces, an excellent harmony resulted. They lov'd one another, they mutually submitted, and had a reciprocal compassion, and esteem for each other. The husband beheld with no eyes but his wives, and the wife look'd in no other glass but her husband. She conform'd her self so naturally to his will and disposition, that both in her minde and actions, as it were in a glass, every man saw the solid image of her husband. A prudent woman (*says Plutarch*) will frame her self by Geometrical discipline to her husbands affections and nature, as the lines and superficies move not alone, but alwayes with the body, so a virtuous woman should move, or be at quiet, will, or not will with her husband, making one single Will of two Understandings.

Of this happy Graff grew two Sprouts, which degenerated in nothing

nothing from the antient Stock. Their two little Sons, although young, fairly promis'd to imitate the virtues of *Placidus* and *Trajana*, living the followers, and dying the companions of their Parents.

In the mean time, *Placidus*, ordain'd for great things, was infinitely weary of the idleness of Peace; and because no where better, and more to his genius, he could employ himself, than in War, he spent in hunting the greatest part of his time.

Hunting resembles a War; but resembles it so naturally, that 'tis no absurdity to say, War is a Hunting, and Hunting a War. Does't not happen frequently in a Battail, that the Enemy flies? in Hunting, that a Beast makes resistance? Because they that run away in a time of War are not Beasts, shall not therefore War be a Hunting? Because all that  
in.

in Hunting make resistance, are not Men, shall not therefore Hunting be a War? But be it what it will, our gallant Cavalier still employ'd, and diverted himself in hunting, where his labour, his stratagems, and the combats he had, (though they never produc'd glorious Victories) still exercis'd his body, many times his judgement, and sometimes his courage; and though sometimes they were dangerous to him, and sometimes painfull, yet alwayes they served to entertain and delight him.

His Huntsman once telling him, he had found at feed a little way off, a great Herd of Stags, he joyfully, (and he could not but be joyfull, if our soul still retaining some sparks of the Divinity, from which it proceeds, presages good luck) rang'd the Hunters into order, distributed the Dogs, had fresh Horses at hand, and

and sending to watch the leaps,  
so contriv'd his design, that the  
hunting might prove as success-  
full, as he hop'd 'twould be de-  
lightfull, in respect of the game.

O loving God, by how many,  
and what wayes, contriv'st thou  
the salvation of the senseless sin-  
ner? The Wood hath no retreat  
in all its dreadfull horrors, and  
secret lurking holes, where the  
soul may so lye hid, as God doth  
not seek it, to beseech it to re-  
ceive of him Graces, Mercies,  
Heaven, and Divinity.

In the morning, by break of  
the day, which was to shew the  
Sun of Mercies to a Hunter, *Pla-*  
*cidus* well furnish'd with Men  
and Horses, rode towards the  
fore-mentioned Forrest; where  
no sooner they arriv'd, but dis-  
cover'd the Herd they sought. Eve-  
ry one there singling out his game,  
began to pursue the flying Deer,  
to see who could bear away the  
Prize;



Prize ; which while they endeavour'd, a Hart so great, and breath'd, fell to *Placidus* his share, that it led him amain into so uncouth and remote a place, that (his Horse now beginning to fail him) he was hopeless of the Prey he had promis'd so fairly to himself. *Placidus* losing the Deer, rode sadly away ; but when he was under a cliff, and casually lifted up his head, he spy'd again the Stag, who (leaping ov'r the top of the rock, with his head spreading out with knotty beams, and at bay, being turned towards him, as if he staid there to devour him) stood proudly expecting him.

The Stag (as Saint *Jerome* and Saint *Basil* write) draws the Serpents by panting out of caves, & destroyes them. 'Twas the work of a Deity to send a Stag to purify his breast, which had been a cave to harbour the Serpent of Idolatry.

*Placidus*

*Placidus* (greatly terrify'd at the stratagems of the fact, and not a little amaz'd) stood musing what to do; but it seeming absurd to give the weary Beast any time to take breath, leap'd hastily to the ground, making sure of his game, if he could gain the top of the cliff.

He had scarce begun to go on, but he heard a voyce thunder in his ear, which though weak and sad, carry'd with it, I know not what of horror, which disorder'd all the blood in his breast, where his troubled spirits strayed out of the way, to meet in the heart.

Casting about his eyes to finde from whence the voyce came, he discover'd (O sight never to be desired enough) betwixt the horns of the Hart, a Christ crucify'd, who bath'd with tears, and full of brightness, beheld him with such tenderness, that perhaps he might have dy'd of delight, if the

the confusion of hearing himself guilty had not qualify'd it. *Placidus*, ah dear *Placidus*, why persecutest thou me? What have I done unto thee? So Christ, who descended from Heaven into the Woods, to make a Sinner a Seraphin, renewed his instance, weeping more than ever, and full of love and zeal for his salvation.

O Lord, ay me, O Lord, no more lest I dye; no more, O sweetness, O sorrow, whatsoever it be, I feel the Hart that strikes me to the heart. Behold me prostrate at thy feet, wholly penitent, and all thine. Dispose of me as thou pleasest. But who, who art thou Lord, that so gently reprehend'st me? So *Placidus*, who dazled with a heavenly ray of Christs brightness, had been comforted in a moment, illuminated, and inflam'd, languishing and lying on the ground, fell into an amorous extasy.

Who

Who am I, dear *Placidus*? who am I? Does not the sweetness thou tasteſt witneſs it? Does not the exceſs of my charity teach thee? Does not the remorſe of thy conſcience ſpeak me to thee? Ah, who am I? I am Jeſus Chriſt, who created thee, redeem'd thee, and will ſave thee, if thou obey me. I am that God, who deſcending from the Throne of my Glory, dear *Placidus*, for thy ſake, have veſted my Deity with fleſh, it ſeeming too little for my love to contribute no more to thy ſalvation than that pure act of my will, which alone was ſufficient to ſave thee. I deſire thou ſhould'ſt ſee, that for thy ſake I us'd all occasions to ſuffer my ſelf willingly to be trampled on, and torn in pieces.

Ask but theſe veins, theſe arteries, theſe bowels, and they'll tell thee, whether I have in them  
all

all one single drop of moyſture to keep me alive; what I could not ſpill, I have vented by ſweat; what I could not ſweat, I have cauſ'd to be drawn out by lances from my heart. And thou *Placidus*, what doſt thou for me? what doſt thou for thy ſelf?

So answered the Father of Mercies, when *Placidus* began to cry out, No more, my God, no more Graces, this plenty is too great, a breaſt of fleſh cannot hold a whole Paradife. Ah me, wilt thou bury Beatitude in a vaſe of Perdition, my dear and ſweet God, now indeed that I know thee? But how canſt thou endure, and much more love, ſo wicked a Creature? Why doſt not unnail thoſe hands, and pierce this breaſt, which is not aſhamed to harbour ſo ingratefull, wicked, and rebellious a ſoul?

Then weeping abundantly,  
like

like a devout Penitent, he consumed himself in the fire of Charity, God Almighty giving him an essay of the unspeakable and incomprehensible sweetness of eternal felicity.

Rise *Placidus*, go hence to the City, and there with thy Wife and children, have recourse to my Priest, and be baptized: then coming back hither, thou shalt here enjoy my presence; where unveiling to thee the deep mysteries of my faith, and telling thee some particulars of thy future condition, I will again dismiss thee with comfort and fortitude.

So speaking, vanish'd our most mercifull Father, who, rather upon a Cross, than the shoulders of Seraphins, would appear unto him, to let the World know, that when the salvation of a Sinner is in question, if the Jews will not crucifie him, he will again crucify himself.

Here

Here the new Christian much amaz'd, yet full of confidence and love, was about to complain of God, that he had so soon taken from his sight so sweet an object. But he was reprehended by that light, which had more illuminated his minde, than beatified his eyes. Ah no (said he, having recollected himself) I will not take it ill, no my God. If I had still enjoy'd thy sweet presence, I should have lost that happy time which I owe to the obedience of thy Commandments. My God; thy most holy will be done, I go hence, my dear God. Be pleas'd to give me strength and constancy to serve thee, in order to the will and zeal thou hast given me to desire it.

Speaking thus, and burning with zeal for the service of God, he was even ready to creep on his hands and feet to *Rome*, in the posture he then found himself.

Every

Every thing tends to its center in the most direct line. *Placidus* had already left all his understanding in the track of his will, and would out-run himself, to shew his prompt obedience to his God.

This zeal made him think of his Horse, whose natural swiftness might carry him with more speed to his Baptism. Then leaping into the saddle, and spurring him on, he posted towards *Rome*. His earnest desire of getting thither, made him impatient of delay. The memory of the pleasures he had newly enjoyed, transported him, and his wishes, to get out of the dangerous state of Paganism, were a torment to him. O how many times, recollecting himself, did he say, Let's moderate this pleasure, my soul, let's look to our selves, lest the Horse by going out of the way with his errours, prolong  
ours.



ours. O let's go hence, let's make  
 hast away, God will direct us. O  
 dear, O sweet, and loving God,  
 and when deserv'd I ever these  
 favours? and how at any time  
 was I worthy of them, who al-  
 wayes, and in all things, and in  
 every place, have been voyd of  
 all justice, and full of all iniqui-  
 ty? Ah dear Wife, what wilt  
 thou say, when I shall inform  
 thee of the favours God does us?  
 what wilt thou say? will thy  
 bosome contain them? canst thou  
 resist this sweetness, and not re-  
 ceive comfort, and be fortified by  
 the rayes, which out of compassi-  
 on, most loving and most merci-  
 full God, and God too late  
 known, I have beheld and ta-  
 sted.

With these, or the like medi-  
 tations, the Christian *Altaon*  
 (having seen in the Woods the  
*Dana* of Christs Humanity, Si-  
 ster to the Sun of Divinity) rode  
 C along.

along, sometimes feeling his heart torn by the barking and biting remembrance of his former offences; and at other times, finding himself a new man, flew with his soul to the feet of Christ, as the Hart to the fountains of waters, with as much thirst as confidence.

Being come at last to the City, lighting off his Horse, and going up to his Wife (who flying, came to meet him with her extended arms) he began. What wilt thou say, my dear Wife, when thou shalt understand the news I bring? When *Trajana*, weeping through abundance of affection, reply'd; I have great things to tell thee, O Husband come too late, and too long expected.

Having received one another with mutual embraces, and the kindness us'd by persons, who loved each other according to their merit, and reciprocal obligation,

gation, *Placidus* (having something in his eyes which look'd like amazement, and resembled a trance) rid himself of his servants officiousness, who employ'd about the service of his person, depriv'd him of his liberty; and departing with his dear *Trajana*, to impart unto her the wonders he had seen, gave his Wife opportunity to prevent him in this manner.

And where hast thou been so great a while, my dear *Placidus*? What toylsome occasion returns thee to me so disorder'd and troubled? What sad thoughts have sunk thy eyes? At the time I expected to enjoy with thee those eternal felicities, which even the last night were promis'd me by a Crucified Man, who was cloathed with the Sun. Why dost thou meet me so sad, and so pensive?

*Placidus*, at the name of Crucify'd, (a voyce more pleasing,

because little expected) was all on fire; and lifting up his hands to Heaven, with floods of tears falling from his eyes, brake out in this manner.

Ah good God ! what ! every where graces ? every where graces ? Go on chearfully , dear Wife , for we have a bountifull God , who is all hands , a God whose torn bosome is replenished with graces , a God all honey to comfort us , and all fire to warm us . Thou hast seen our God , dear Wife , thou hast seen our salvation . I was not in trouble , but an extasy of pleasure . The heat that breaks out at mine eyes , my breast was not able to contain . Glory be to God , my dear Wife , that God will be with us ; praised be God , my dear Wife , that the God of all truth seeks us for himself . Then as well as his tears would permit him , *Placidus* informed his Wife of the wonders he had seen

seen in the Wood; in the relation of which, how often these souls were transported, with how many extasies, and how often with a melting affection they now comforted, now commiserated one another, good Lord declare you, who occasion'd it; I, for my part, can easier desire than describe these delights. I know *Trajana* (call'd by the Holy Ghost, whom we never more worthily answer, than when we quickly answer) hastned her *Placidus*, Up quickly, let's away, let's readily consent to so many graces; let the jealousy of losing them be our rule how to love them.

O expressions, that deserve to be sung on the Harp of a Seraphin, in the hearing of a Deity.

All the Curtains of night being drawn, as if it meant likewise to contribute to the salvation of this fortunate Couple, securing

them under its Mantle, from the injuries, or at least the impediments might rise against their good, but then sharply condemned resolution, taking with them their two little Sons, and two Servants, whom they long had found faithfull and affectionate, they went to the sacred Font, to be baptized.

A good religious man, called *John*, was chief in *Rome* over the Sacramental Treasury of the growing Church. He (hearing and admiring the desire, but much more the vocation of the new Believers, and giving God the praises, which a Pastor should do, who saw his Flock every day encrease) sought, I'll not say to confirm them, for he knew by their zeal, the Holy Ghost assisted them, but to shew them with what love and pleasure he resented the favours God their Benefactor had so graciously conferred upon

upon them. The humility with which they approached to the sacred Font, together with the tears they let fall, in witness of the comfort they receiv'd, and the love they expressed in their gratitude to God, were such as might become two Souls, that had spoken face to face with a living and loving Deity.

To him that understands these Love-extasies, the Writer is not usefull; and to him that is not capable of them, he is too superfluous. Yet I'll not omit to remember, that God shew'd abundantly his graces on them, and the treasures overflowing their souls, were sufficient to enrich, and beatifie the best of men.

The good Priest melting in devotion, wastoucht with a generous and spiritual emulation; perhaps desiring more to be their Companion, than rejoycing in the title of Father. They thank'd

C 4 him.

him for his charity, and he recommended himself to their devotion. They besought him, ( knowing the ill life they had lead ) to pray to God for them, that he would be pleas'd to make them new Creatures ; and he intreated them to sue for his pardon, since having been so antient a Servant in Gods House, he could learn of Children ( yet Babes in the state of grace ) devotion and wisdom. He lamented his own coldness, and they much rejoyc'd they were come into Gods House, where every thing was fervour. In fine, they here contested about charity, humility, and reverence. His was the Victory that lost, and God at the same time was the Cause of it, the Spectator, Judge, and Recompence.

*Eustachius* and *Theopista*,  
( who had left in the sacred Font  
of Baptism the names, as well as  
the belief of *Placidus* and *Tra-*  
*jana*,



*jana*) at last took leave of the Priest. They parting thence, and returning homeward full of unspeakable consolation, went kissing their Children, as if they had but newly brought them into the World. O bowels of our bowels (said they) how much are we indebted to God, who even at this time hath bestow'd you on us? Ah! wretches that we are, how long have we kept you, hanging by the small thread of so brittle a life, o're the infernal precipice of a gulph of mortal eternity! Ah! blind that we are, who loved you so little! How happy are ye, who being yet innocent, and regenerated by your God, may no sooner use your reason, but begin to do good! Would we had been so fortunate, who obdurate so often, and so long, have not onely liv'd in sin, but frequently to sin; Courage, dear VVife, said the Husband; Cou-

rage dear Husband, said the Wife, since God in his infinite mercy hath pardon'd us; let's think now at last, how to make ourselves worthy of the pardon we have had, and operate in that manner, our God repent not he hath pardon'd us. So speaking to themselves, by the virtue of the charity of God, which possessing a breast, turns it all into heart, they resolved not to yield even to the Seraphins themselves; in loving so bountifull a God. But what said I of Seraphins? Not to yield to God himself, in loving God.

He will love (said they) more than we; for being all knowledge, and all goodness, he can have correspondence with himself, and condignly love himself; but he shall not surpass us in love, in what we are able, because we will love him with our will; we'll onely desire him,  
onely

onely covet him, and onely seek him. We'll do so dear Wife, we'll do so dear Husband; and let us declare our resolution to God, that he may be pleas'd to further our desire.

With these, or the like passions, they came home, where *Enstachius* (repairing the forces of his body with meat, and recovering himself of the weariness caused by his pains in the VVood, and the restless agitation of his minde, after he had order'd a new hunting the day following) fell asleep: how he rested, 'you may guess, if you know how one rests who lyes down full of serious thoughts. His sleeping was a watching, he contemplated, slept not, since the meat in his stomach could not send up fumes to cloud and darken his minde, in which the eternal Sun of the Cherubins did shine.

O how happy are, they that  
are

are capable of this happiness ? A good man is a Tabernacle of the grace , and a Theater of the glory of God. Every thing he doth, hath contentment joyn'd to it. He neither eats , drinks , nor sleeps, but with this consolation, that God seasons every thing to him. What wonder is it then, that loathing these things of the world, he sometimes leads a life , which fools call Madness ? These, these are the souls God loves to converse with : with these , as with some rare work of his hands, he is so well pleas'd, that he hath at other times declar'd by word of mouth, to love them as his delight, as his Children, and things made according to the rule and contentment of his heart. And is not man mad , if (while he lives here upon Earth, and may converse with God) he neglect it ? O fools if we know it not, and desperate men if we know it !

*Eustachius*

*Eustachius* rose early in the morning; Mad man! what said I? at midnight; and before his heavy eyes had satisfied the necessity of nature, the enamour'd *Eustachius* left sleeping, and suddenly leaping out of his bed, God grant, said he, with a heart full of sorrow, that I have not slept too long. He goes solicitous to the window, to spy out the morning, but finds, that the night hath not run yet half its course. Being satisfied that he had not slept too long, he was still impatient, as unable to sustain an expectation, which was very painfull, by the violence of so earnest and amorous a desire. He supposed *Aurora* had wrong'd him, in suspending so long the coming of that Sun, which was to conduct him to the feet of the Sun of Justice. He thought to have returned to his bed, to have slept out the remainder of the night, but his  
zeal

zeal perswaded him it was sacrilege to referr to the arbitrement of sleep, a Vision that deserv'd to be long'd for with impatience by the Angels themselves. He would have been glad that sleep had overcome him, to rest without offence, and pass away the time, which he knew not how to know without passion. He would have been waking, though it had been with pain, if he could have onely thought on what he should do when his God should appear: but the more he thought on it, the more he perceived his desire and longing to be there, was augmented in his heart.

In these sweet afflictions, *Eustachius* enjoyed the time he desired to spend; and while he expected this long'd for Vision, he prepared himself so, as not to be made expect any longer, the other he desir'd and sigh'd for in a higher degree.

At

At break of day, having distributed in fit places his Dogs and Huntsmen, (arm'd with the breastplate of faith) he rode solicitous towards the VVood; there to arrive, and separate himself from the company, as a Fugitive, was the thing he intended. The center of his heart, and career, was the Paradise of the Forrest, where he thought to finde his Christ. The horroure accompanying solitude, increased amazement and terroure in his heart, while he stay'd for that Divinity, whose coming every moment he attended. Each whistling of the air, and noyse of the leaves, he reverently supposed were the Angels, singing praises to that Deity, whose sacred presence represented the VVood, as a Sanctuary to him.

Being come to the cliff, where at first he saw his Christ; and lighting off his Horse, with a breast

breast full of reverence, he prostrated himself to adore that Divinity, whose Vision he attended, with no less fear than confidence. A Light, like that of Paradise, brake out of the bosome of a little cloud, and *Eustachius* was again made partaker of the presence of Christ, who spake in this manner.

*Eustachius*, thou hast begun well, persevere; for if thou holdest on to the end, thou wilt advance my service, and save thy own soul. The favours I have done thee, will be envy'd by Satan, whose temptations, if thou shalt resist valiantly, thou shalt overcome gloriously. I my self, for thy good, will permit him to assault thee; resist, and be victorious. I will be sure to help thee, do not waver in thy faith. Thy honours, thy children, thy wife, and thy riches, I have given thee; and 'tis necessary thou make it  
appear



appear of whom thou dost acknowledge them; and with what affection; Thy faith and thy constancy must assure me of thy love. I have resolved to try, how much of thy heart thou art willing to give me in thy love, who have, to save thee, spilt my blood and life.

What may we, O Christians, believe he reply'd, whose perfections we may measure by the love of God to him. I speak not of the love by which God comply'd with his perfections, I mean the love by which he made him perfect. I imagine he answered thus: And why should'st thou give me so abundant a knowledge of thy goodness, most amiable God, but to love thee, and in order to the tribulation I must suffer? And what sort of tribulation (able to balance the infinite love I ow thee, and thou dost deserve) can a body of durt, more brittle than glass, be able to support? If thou wilt bestow

a love upon me , proportionable to my sufferings, employ , I beseech thee , all thy power, in inventing and devising an affliction , as great as the love I bear thee , as the love I beg of thee. But this is not enough , O love of my love , this is not enough , 'tis necessary thou give me a nature, which encountering all these evils, will not cry before 'tis hurt. Thou call'st me to affliction, and I run to affliction. And what can I ever endure , that may expiate such a multitude of sins , much less return so many favours? And what tribulation can at any time be displeasing to me , if so sweet and so beloved a God , a God of consolation and comfort, will assist me? If I have with me , or rather within me , the vigour , health , and life of all things, what evill will be able to hurt me? what grief make me grieve? If I must do thee service with

with affliction, I would be afflicted when I am not in thy service; for I cannot e're imagine, how that he that serves thee, can suffer affliction. And how wilt thou value the afflictions, which e're they torment, thou asswagest? Grant, O my God; grant I conjure thee, by the merits of that infinite love with which thou lov'st thy self, grant I may love thee as well as I desire, and grant I may desire it as much as thou deserv'st it, and then come Hell, and let Men arm themselves together with the Angels, and joyn with thee in putting me to torment, I shall not at all value them. I love a God, too sweet, too dear, and too loving. VVhen he should cast Thunderbolts at me, he comes with his nail'd hands to comfort me. VVhen he will have me suffer, he comes to tell me of it, to animate and encourage me. And for such a God  
can

can I suffer? I may, but I do more desire, than believe it. I believe it, because he tells me so; but I doubt he will not tell it me, to make me please him by consenting to it; and I would by suffering do something that might please so bountifull a God.

With these, or affections of this kinde, he overflow'd, who in the eyes of Christ learnt the most profound Divinity that is practis'd in Loves School.

The more scorching and inflam'd the Earth returns the Sunbeams to the Sun, the more vigorously the Sun both waters and makes fruitfull the Earth. God is as the Sun to our soul, the more fervently we return him our love, the more vigorous he is in the heat of his love to Mankind. They seem to scorch, yet make the soul fruitfull; which the more it is inflam'd, the more it prevaieth with God, for the oil of his heavenly grace.

So

So affectionately answer'd *Eustachius*; but Christ more affectionately reply'd: These replies I should prosecute, but how to comprehend and express them, though I wanted not the force of understanding, I should want without doubt the perfection of virtue.

Gods conceptions onely charity understands, and not reason. To describe them, serves only to desire them, and not to make us fit to comprehend them. God only makes us capable of them; and he that understands them, understands them by grace & not by speculation.

What Christ did communicate to *Eustachius*, sure was most true, and I wish we were worthy to partake of the tendernes of the love he expressed to him. He shew'd him how well he was pleas'd with the zeal of his good will, & instructed him in the most hidden mysteries of his faith. He encourag'd & fortify'd him against the fierce temptations  
of

of the Devil, and after very many revelations, ( which would have been favours in Paradise it self ) he promis'd to hasten his Martyr-dome and Crown.

VWhen the Vision was ended, (in the period of which, the faster Christ vanish'd out of sight, the more he ador'd him in his heart ) *Eustachius*, full of inward consolation, (having kissed the stones, saluted the trees, and reverenc'd the place, which had been the Altar, the VVitness, and Temple of his happiness) rode again towards the City.

Being come to his VVife, who expected him with the anxious solicitude, which is not without hope, while he imparted to her the contents of the past revelation, the Holy Ghost communicated to her its consolations and sweetness; as if he should say, 'Tis justice thou should'st share in the delights of the Vision, as thou

thou art to share in the torments and afflictions mention'd in it.

The sharp temptations threatened, rais'd no fear in this VVoman, who onely was effeminate in the duties of a Mother.

Ah, God fights not to conquer; and what glory can a Deity have in the ruine of a VVorm? The stronger his assaults be, the willinger he loses, and with greater glory. Gods trials are accompanied with his Graces, and his Crucible makes the Gold, tryes it not. Let's comfort our selves, dear Husband, let's comfort our selves; he will lose if we lose; and what can we lose, who have quitted the propriety of our selves? And what will God try in us, if we be strong? That cannot by nature be strong, which is naturally weak. If he will have us strong, we shall not be weak; we shall be strong enough, if we be his, yes, yes, his, let's wholly be his;  
and

and we shall be so alwayes, and better Voluntiers, because we desire it, than because we are so naturally; and neither the force of opposition, nor the rage of temptation, or the terrour or pain of death, shall ever have the power to make us not his. And now being his in this manner, shall we not be defended by so gracious a God, who when we were his enemies, and rebels, protected us?

So said *Theopista*, in whom the grace of God spake more than her tongue; for 'twas that which inform'd her how such things were to be known and deserved.

But having prescribed new laws to their affections, and regulated their senses, they study'd that virtue which accustomes men to goodness.

*Eustachius* thought himself oblig'd to reform, in the first place,  
his



his House, as he had done his Soul, and in a short time reduced it to that state of perfection, that knowing what was needless, he quickly began to enjoy the tranquillity, which men by living out of necessity, aim at. Humility chas'd out of his House the pride of such Furniture, as makes the Master of it the most inconsiderable thing there. His Table did nourish, not nauseate; for he fed not to stir up an appetite, but to satiate hunger. His Cloaths did cover, not adorn him; for the habit is too gaudy, which deserves more respect than the man. His Walls were not beautified with *Mercury's* Thefts, the Adulteries of *Jupiter*, and the Infamies of *Venus*. And how can the Soul be held good, whose Body's not thought happy, if even the Walls themselves, which secure its repose, be not wicked?

D ;

If

If even the bowls he drinks in, afford not more lasciviousness to gaze on, than wine to please his palate? He was waited on, not idolized, by his Slaves; and his Cup-bearer, by his serving him on the knee, feign'd not to believe he was a *Jupiter*. Whosoever nam'd him, did not swear with a preface of radiant titles, he suppos'd him transform'd into a Star. He receiv'd not into his House that kinde of mad men, called Dancers, ( People, all whose learning's in their feet, all whose measure's in their errours ) for there was no Feast, but that of a good Conscience; neither *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, or *Circe*, had any thing to do there; their harmony was the sighs, with which, from the remembrance of their former transgressions, they pass'd to the hopes of a future felicity. There was no discord, they two agree-

agreeing to sing perpetually the mercies of so gracious, and so bountifull a God. No revellings were heard there, nor tumults caus'd by Playes. Nor us'd they there Dice, which while with golden promises they seem to flatter men, do cheat them of their livelyhood, and dishonour their death.

In his House they look'd after the manuring of the Soul, not the Garden, where Charity flourish'd, Piety, and Devotion, and not the Anemone of *Thessaly*, the Musk-flower of *Greece*, and Granadiglia of *Mexico*. Good God, how is't possible the intemperance of man should be so great, as (to please his sense of smelling) to bring fading flowers from the famousst and remotest Eastern Provinces?

And who would e're believe it, that the luxury of a Prince (w<sup>h</sup>o

ſpeak I of a Prince, of a Citizen,  
and often too neceſſitous ) had  
cauſ'd a frail Flower to be brought  
at his infinite charge o're the Oce-  
an ; through Deſarts , and o're  
Mountains , into a new World ,  
and onely for perfuming the Air  
for an unfortunate man, who in a  
whole Hemispher can finde no  
ſmell to pleaſe him ? He that will  
venture all his fortune in a  
Flower-pot of earth , deſerves to  
be ruin'd by each blaſt of winde .

Now the example of *Euſta-  
chius* and his Wife, had corrected  
in that manner, and reform'd all  
the reſt of the Family , that even  
out of reverence they forbore to  
do ill.

His Slaves were rather Scho-  
lars than Servants , who lov'd  
their Maſter out of wonder , not  
onely out of gratitude , and were  
us'd like Children, not Enemies.  
**Authority without contempt, Ri-  
ches**

ches without avarice, Honour without ambition, and Splendour without luxury, remain'd within his Walls. In fine, his House was become a Pantheon, where Modesty, Temperance, Charity, and each other Heavenly Virtue, were held in great reverence. If a Christian had desir'd to behold the two Tables of stone, where God with his own finger had written and engraven the Precepts of his Law, he could no where finde them better, than in the hearts of *Estachius* and *Theopista*. Each of them was mark'd, as the Plate of Gold on the Miter of *Aaron*, with *Holiness to the Lord*. They were in that degree of perfection, that I cannot describe it; the Touch-stone will tell it: but God must touch them, to tell us their worth. And what will that be?





The Loving Husband,  
and Prudent Wife, &c.

---

The second Book.

---

WE have seen already how  
this valiant Champion was  
reform'd by the Sovereign Com-  
mander of the Christian Militia :  
I must now relate the actions  
he courageously perform'd with  
his Pike in his hand, on the dan-  
gerouslest Frontiers of the Ene-  
my.

He lost in the first charge, all  
the lives of his slaves, occasion'd

by a violent and contagious disease, for which there was no remedy. All attempts for their health were in vain; and while some endeavour'd to prevent their destruction, and others search'd after the cause of the malady, they were by its effects destroy'd and consum'd themselves: the spectacle of which was so horrid and miserable, that the death of the Physician was often lamented by the languishing Patient.

Solitude inherited his House, which his Friends, afraid of death, retreated from, to avoyd the infection, whose Violence made Physicians of no use, while it gave them no time to consult what to do.

What sorrow this loss might occasion to *Eustachius*, and how vast a sufferer he was, he can best tell, that knows how great a part of the greatnes and riches of the Romans, the Slaves were.

They



They sow'd, plow'd, and reap'd.  
 The Yeoman of the Celler, the  
 Barber, Tayler, Groom of the  
 Stable, and often too the Sum-  
 pter-man, were all Slaves. They  
 waited in the Chamber and Hall,  
 and were Sewers and Cup-bear-  
 ers. A Citizen had of them on the  
 rental of his revenue, to the num-  
 ber of a thousand; and *Seneca* com-  
 plained, that that Age had built  
 Houses like Cities for greatness,  
 and had Families equal to Nati-  
 ons in number.

Flesh and Blood so gall'd in its  
 interest, made *Eustachius* sensible;  
 that he could not without infinite  
 grief bear so notable a loss.

Of what use will the Ground  
 be without a Tiller? Cattle with-  
 out a Cow-herd? Houses without a  
 House-keeper? and Lords without  
 Servants? In one onely day, with  
 a single and a momentary disaster,  
 as it were, lyes so languishing,

D 5 and

and discomfited, all the fortune of his House? And whither shall he run to repair it? Perhaps to Christ, who no sooner was known and adored, but blasted and consumed all his Goods. Could he have fared worse, if he had refused to adore him? Is this the encouraging of his Servants? This a way to comfort and confirm them? Ah poor *Eustachius*, what wilt thou do? What hopes hast thou left in the progress of thy faith, the first entrance into which hath lost thee all thou hadst? To abandon a *Jupiter*, who made thee glister every where like the Sun, to follow a Christ, who can onely give thee nakedness? Thou never would'st credit this truth, till thou hadst felt the smart of thy error. Thou too easily hast believed this God, and what God is this that will never suffer thee to be happy, but when

when thou art his Enemy; nor makes thee unfortunate, but when thou art his Friend? Ah Wretch! return to thy self, return.

So Satan suggested to *Eustachius*, in whom the piercing sense of his sudden calamity could not choose but raise a storm of affliction. Fools are insensible of disasters, but wise men bear them valiantly. Nature will have us to resent them, but Reason to manage them. Virtue may restrain our resentment of unhappiness, but cannot so subdue it, but it naturally will rebel. Valour would decay, if it were not kept in action. We are born to fight thus, and remunerated for so doing. God after the Creation would have plac'd us at first among the Angels, if he had not been willing we should fight for the Victory our activity aspires to. We  
might

might have enjoy'd without opposition the glory of delight, but not of repose and reward.

*Eustachius* (toss'd up and down, not dejected) acknowledging every thing from Gods hand, did comfort himself. 'Tis a favour (he said patiently) that the scourge we deserve for so many transgressions, vents its fury on the shoulders of our fortune. Let's think on what remains, since that which is past is irrevocable. Let's be thankfull to God for what he hath left us, and thank him for what he hath taken away. Was he not mercifull to us, in suffering us to enjoy so much time? Who knows, if his depriving us of our Goods, hath not been a greater favour than his giving them to us? How many have lost their lives, by being Masters of so many desperate fellows? The name of God be praised, we have still so much left.

left us, that living with much less,  
we shall live with much more  
than is necessary. Can we part  
with less than the lives of a few  
Slaves, to have an occasion of  
conforming our selves to Gods  
will?

While he was thus reasoning  
with himself, behold a panting  
Messenger arriv'd, whose wan and  
sad face usher'd in his dismal  
news.

It grieves me, my Lord, said  
he, to relate what will doubtless  
afflict you. But the loss is as  
great, as the tidings inevita-  
ble. All your Flocks of Sheep,  
your Oxen, and Horses, are de-  
stroy'd by a sudden contagion,  
and have left us as poor, as con-  
founded and amaz'd.

When God permits the Devil  
to command, his Scepter is of  
fire. He so fears his authority of  
destroying should be clipt, that  
he

he undermines, esteeming the time lost he employes in demolishing and battering.

To be poor on the sudden, is a great thing with patience to support, especially for him who is not obliged to Fortune, but owes all he hath to his own virtuous hours.

Nothing in this World we love more than the fruits of our own labours. We love them, because they are commodious; we love them, because we got them hardly; and we love them, because they are our Children: but yet for all this, their loss would be supportable, if we lov'd them not as testimonies and assurances of our virtue.

For this last blow, which ruin'd entirely all the substance, not onely the greatness of *Eustachius* his House, what may we imagine he said, whose onely hope was,

was, the sale of his Cattle, or their profits at least, would have repair'd the loss he had suffered by the death of his Slaves.

He said, Praised, blessed, and thanked be God, who hath eas'd me of the weight of so painfull a care. Whom should I have trusted with the government of this Flock, which onely was left me, after my ~~Servant's~~ death, to disquiet and trouble me? Dear Wife, our God takes from us all impediments, that we being freer, and disengag'd from all affairs, may attend his service, and be thankfull to him. Be he alwayes glorified, and I beseech all the Angels, together with all Creatures, to thank him for me, since I cannot perform it of my self. God alone be my patrimony, my treasure, and substance; by virtue of him, my losses will not hurt me, my gains not distract me, nor  
my

my miseries afflict me. If my God be but with me, what thing can I want?

But what should these poor persons do, I should say Lords, if the Pestilence had not kill'd too this title? By selling the best furniture of their House, and their Lands, which for want of looking too, were wholly out of order, they both patiently supported, and consum'd too their poor Family. Their Friends quickly left them, since 'tis a usual fault in the world, to fly away from thence, whence Prosperity is departed.

Many blame Fortune for this, and say, she's so cruel, she would think she had left him too much; whose poverty she hath decreed, if she had not too, depriv'd him of Friends. But wise men do know, this fault is our own, and not the Stars. Man is afraid to touch him whose condition is infected,



infected, and cannot give us any thing but contagion ; or pretend, but to our Goods.

The not being a good Friend to ones Friend, makes us not count a Friend among our proper Goods; else 'twould be impossible we should think it a misfortune to part with any thing of our own , for his sake , whom we valued as one of the pretiouſest Jewels we have. His Followers deserted him, because he wanted means to maintain them; and he that cannot live of himself, stands in need of another. He was not cry'd up, because he was not rich. Acclamations and splendour go together; and he that is wealthy, may be prudent, wise, and valiant. Every man did pity him, but no man assisted him. All knew he was innocently unfortunate, but woe to him whose Innocence must onely relieve him.

He

He that could not help him, desir'd it affectionately; and he that could do it, avoyded meeting with him, for fear of being moved to pity. Men fly from the miserable, as from the infected with the Plague. And though we all know, what we do is the thing we would not have done to our selves, yet interest so swayes us, we had rather deserve cruelty by our avarice, than purchase mercy by compassion.

Having spent what they had sold, these Noble Persons began to be sensible of the outrages of shame, which alwayes accompanies and torments us in adversity. He that is unfortunate, thinks every one derides him, objecting his necessities as a punishment for his offences, or accusing him of folly in the management of his fortune.

Their Noble Birth likewise reproach'd

proach'd them with their present low condition. They griev'd to be a disgrace unto those who had left them so well; and though their new Religion had extinguish'd all ambition in them, yet they thought it unhandsome to do any thing misbecoming Nobility, ( a gift of Heaven ) that swerves not from its principles, of which, the obligation to uphold it with honour and state, is not the least. In fine, their last refuge was a firm resolution to retreat far from *Rome*, where to be seen living in that manner, was the greatest affliction their poverty made them suffer. They thought, that going where unknown they could have what was necessary, would be a relinquishing the qualities at *Rome*, which made even things of superfluity but necessary.

If to live in the luster of a  
Prince

Prince, were as easy a thing as to live like an ordinary man, Fortune would not have many Altars. Solitude and Poverty they suppos'd would make them most happy.

O God, with what tranquillity shall we enjoy our selves in a sacred peace, exempt from the noyse and tumults of Followers, who, by reason of their many necessities, are continually troublesome and importunate? O God, with what freedom may we (being at liberty) dive into the contemplation and service of that belov'd Deity, who seasons so sweetly to us our calamities? And when in the greatness of the world, and honours of the times, were we sensible of the contentment of heart we have now, among so many miseries, which should grieve and afflict us? Now I plainly see (said *Eustachius*) what  
terrestrial

terrestrial riches are; they are burthens and impediments, which load, vex, and weary us. And when shall we be in a place, where the opinion of the world will not force us to do homage to unconstant Fortune?

Will the Earth ever be so barren, as not to afford us even prodigally, nourishment? Shall we ever finde any so inhumane to envy our condition, and ensnare us? Can we probably want attendance, if sick, in a place where we shall be four in company, of the same blood, religion, and minde? Can our Children want Masters, while we, who have spoken with God, shall have nothing to do, but to teach them what advantage it is to speak with God.

And though we should have nothing to help us (reply'd *Theopista*)

*pista*) can we ever do amiss in that place, whither we go to perform the will of God? There, where we may satisfy the debt our many sins have contracted? There, where by our suffering, we may return our thanks unto God, for his infinite favours?

When they had agreed on this, and pack'd up some few necessities, in the night poorly cloath'd, with bundles on their backs, and leading each a Child by the hand, they abandon'd the City, making towards a certain Sea-Town. Who is able to relate the resentments of this departure, in so poor an equipage, and never more to see that native soyl, and that beloved Countrey, where so long and so happily they had liv'd, and with so much respect and renown? Peradventure each conceal'd his grief, not to aggravate his Companions affliction, or blush'd to discover his own.

'Tis

'Tis true, they left voluntarily  
 their Countrey, they left it too  
 most willingly, I confesse: But  
 who hath not a love for himself?  
 And who loves himself, that  
 loves not his Countrey? O God,  
 declare it you, who permitted  
 them to feel the piercing sorrows  
 of disasters, to make them relish  
 better those delights, which made  
 them suffer patiently for your  
 sake.

*Theopista*, peradventure to chear  
 up her Husband, by shewing him  
 her alacrity, went joyfully before  
 him, and apace. *Eustachius* edi-  
 fy'd, or rather astonish'd at the  
 zeal of his Wife, perpended how  
 happy God had made him in his  
 Spouse, who alone was equiva-  
 lent to all other sublunary for-  
 tunes.

And what should I do, un-  
 fortunate Man that I am, so he  
 said, without her, who in travel  
 is

is my comfort, and in prosperity  
 my guide; who, when I am  
 weary, refreshes me, and guards  
 me when I sleep? Pardon me,  
 O Lord, I acknowledge my crime  
 of so great an ingratitude. Am I  
 likewise so unthankfull, to go a-  
 way sad, as though I were unfor-  
 tunate, when I go with so religi-  
 ous a Wife, and two such dutifull  
 Children? O dull heart! O heart  
 of earth! When wilt thou leave  
 these earthly thoughts? And what  
 have we lost? Our Herds? Serv'd  
 they otherwise than to fill the  
 Exchequer, which was never yet  
 open'd, but in favour of Pride,  
 Luxury, and Vanity? Our Slaves?  
 And art not thou asham'd, I will  
 not say to grieve thou hast lost  
 them, but not to be sorry thou  
 hast had the rule over them? Ah  
 cruel man! Ah Tyrant! For a  
 man to dispose of another mans  
 life? And why? By what Law?



O barbarous Scythian, for thy  
 conveniency, must a hundred men  
 as good as thy self, and often-  
 times better, to foment thy vices,  
 be obliged to thee, depend upon  
 thee, and be chain'd to thy ser-  
 vice? He hath not depriv'd thee  
 of thy Herds, he hath not de-  
 priv'd thee of thy Slaves, he one-  
 ly hath depriv'd thee of the means  
 and occasions of ill, ingratefull  
 man, and art not thou sensible  
 of it? art not glad of it? and  
 art not thou thankfull?

These Noble Pilgrims had  
 scarce left their Countrey, but  
 their House was most treache-  
 rously broken open, and robb'd  
 by certain Rogues; who, though  
 they bear the title of Men,  
 yet live of nothing else but  
 the spoyle. Theeves (still the  
 Enemies and Betrayers of Hu-  
 manity, of which they are rather  
 E Moths,

Moths; than part ) entred his House, and sack'd it of the Furniture that remain'd, and was rather a reproach than a monument of their decay'd happiness.

In the mean time the day came, which the Romanes us'd gratefully to commemorate for the Conquest of the Parthians.

When the People were assembled, the Army in armour, the Theater crown'd, and the Prince on his Throne, nothing was wanting but the valiant Commander, the Soul of the Camp, the Heart of the Prince, and right hand and Idol of the Common-wealth, and Empire; brave *Placidus* was absent, who compleated, not onely was the cause of the felicity they so gloriously remembred. While the People thought the General staid redressing some defect, the delay onely serv'd to prolong the applauses of publick consolation.

consolation. But as soon as the Prince and People understood, the just, magnanimous, and valiant Pilgrim was departed, (to fly from the shame his poverty might occasion) 'tis hard to relate with what a congeal'd force all cheeks lost their red, all eyes were cast down, and all tongues turn'd to silence. Many curs'd Fortune, and murmur'd against Providence. It seem'd unsupportable, not onely unjust, so valorous a man, and so good, should not onely be subject to the outrages of Chance, but suppressed by them. Never any Triumph began with more joy, and ended with more sorrow. But why name I a Triumph? Here they represented and bewail'd an unhappy Catastrophe of Fortune; and the day that was design'd for the joy of the Romanes, for the Victory obtain'd o're the Parthians, serv'd

onely to chear up the Parthians for the notable loss the Romanes had sustain'd, in the ruine of so valiant a Commander and Warrior.

*Trajan* (as men use to do) esteeming things more, as they have greater need of them, lamented the loss of so powerfull a Minister. Perhaps he was too, moved at the disaster it self; for though great Persons measure every thing with the compass of their interest, yet Virtue doth not suffer them to deny him compassion, who hath gain'd it by desert, and demands it as unhappy. A diligent search after them was commanded, but the new Christians had too secretly convey'd away themselves, and were far enough off, and secure.

They design'd *Egypt* as the end of so tedious a peregrination;  
and

and being close pursu'd by their unhappiness, they thought they were oblig'd to seek reparation in that Kingdome, where their Christ did trust himself, when he fled away young, and was persecuted by *Herod*, the worst of the Tetrarchs of *Judea*.

After many dayes travel, together with their frequent, and daily wants, and the injuries they receiv'd from certain Robbers, they got to the Sea-coast at last, depriv'd of every thing, but the hope they had in God.

They imbarqued themselves, to avoyd the incommodities of so tedious a Journey, which afoot to undertake with two such young Children, was too difficult a task.

The winde blew favourably, and the shore they soon lost. The Vessel sail'd so fast, that perpetually it was before the winde.

All Prosperity seem'd to be at the  
 Helm. But they went not much  
 further, e're they saw, He puts  
 fondly to Sea, who flies from Mis-  
 fortune. The Sky was serene,  
 yet it blew hard enough to pre-  
 cipitate them into an Ocean of  
 dangers. The winds (which dis-  
 agreeing in appearance, conspir'd  
 to destroy the poor **Bark**) con-  
 ceal'd in a moment the Sun,  
 turn'd the waves topsy-turvy,  
 and rais'd a storm in the Air.  
 They might look into the Sea,  
 and not cast down their eyes; for  
 being often bury'd between two  
 deep shores of raging billows,  
 they were lower than the waters,  
 and afraid of sailing down to the  
 bottome. 'Twas dreadfull to hear  
 the sad noyse of the shrowds,  
 which beaten by the winde,  
 seem'd hissing to bewail the un-  
 constancy of the waves, and trea-  
 chery of the Sky. Some of the  
 Passengers,

Passengers, by encouraging others, did labour to deceive their own fears; and others, by hiding their faces, said, they fear'd more the visage of death, than his sight. The Mariners endeavour'd to strike the main-yard, which now would be onely commanded by the winde.

The Pilot lamented the authority he had lost o're the helm, which obey'd nothing now, but the tyrannous Sea. To see light, they were forced to pray it might lighten, and to fear no thunderbolts; 'twas enough but to think on the devouring waves. In fine, the hope of landing any where; but in the haven of death, was as bold an undertaking, as to venture to Sea without a Boat.

Albeit a sweaty fear congeal'd on the brows of the miserable Passengers, yet every one very earnestly, in order to their several

Religions, made vows for his own safety. *Theopista* (who had never seen such horrible spectacles on the Land) being affrighted, and half dead, lay languishing in her dear Husbands arms. He, who more than once had met Death in the face, apprehending no otherwise the danger, than not to be insensible of it, spake to her in this manner.

Where is your Courage, which boasted of seeking, not onely of enduring the painfullest death we can suffer for God? No leaf falls to the ground without his distinct and particular permission, who hath a care of it; and shall we fools, fear the death he permits, or wickedly go about to avoyd what he appoints? And though these waves were design'd for our Sepulcher, what death can be less grievous than that over-



overwhelms thee ? what happier than that does not part thee from thy Husband and Children ? and what more fortunate, than that finds thee devoted to the will of thy Creatour, and advancing in his service ? Believ'st not, that this Vessel, though split, and weather-beaten, can as well serve to carry thee to the shore of Beatitude, as to the land of *Egypt* ? Ah dear Wife ! what fears are these ? He cannot fear so much, that loves not excessively himself ; and he cannot love excessively himself, that loves his God enough. Go to, go to, *Theopista* ; if God may be calm'd, prayers, not fears will appease him. And if God will be serv'd, shall not we be asham'd to serve him so faintly, and poorly ?

When the Devil saw no battery could affright, much less o're-

come *Eustachius*, sounding a retreat to the tempests, he cleared the Sky to the eyes of this Passenger, who still in his heart had the calm of each storm, and all Heaven's serenity.

When the Tempest was over, they sang, and commemorated the daily mercies of their gracious Preserver. Onely *Theopista* compleated not her joy, being ashamed and sad she had shew'd so little confidence in so kinde and so mercifull a God. *Eustachius* comforted her, telling her, that her fears had proceeded from the weakness of her sex, and not a want of courage, and that she would not want opportunities of expressing her zeal, which was (for Gods sake) not onely to contest with future disasters, but the memory of their happinesse past. In the mean time, they took pleasure in thinking, in  
what

what tender charity, what innocent and calm poverty, and what uncouth and free solitude they should leade the residue of their lives, and spend all their affections, and exhaust all their spirits in the service of their sweet and loving God.

This their daily meditation made them often in an extasy of delight. The Haven seem'd to them to go faster than the Ship, so great was their longing to be on the shore. All the Passengers and Mariners beheld with admiration, the majestick poverty, discreet affection, and humble nobility of this Couple, who, even in their adversity, were honour'd, and envy'd. Some wonder'd, how persons so qualify'd, were so poor; but no body could leave wondring, how persons so poor, could be so well qualify'd. Every one was attentive to the words of

*Eustachius.*

*Eustachius*, whose expressions had a certain air of greatness, which made him respected. Every one beheld with compassion, and delight, the face of *Theopista*, whose poverty had not chang'd her noble mean, nor alter'd her complexion, the harmony of which diffus'd a certain sweetness, forcing their eyes (though barbarous) to adore her. None could, without astonishment, behold, with what readiness and humility, a General, and Conquerour of Armies, ran uncall'd to all the duties and affairs of the Sails, the Oars, and Helm. He must have wept heartily, that had seen with what charity, humility, and curtesy, this most noble of Ladies, aiding all without distinction; now help'd to make clean what belonged to the Mariners and Vessel, now assisted in serving them, in dressing their

their meat, and offices of this kinde, the air of whose countenance had made the Voyage fortunate. Every man, and especially the Master of the Vessel, said he could not choose but envy her Husband for his happiness in her. And who would not think it an incomparable happiness, to have so discreet, so provident, and so loving a Wife?

They sail'd some dayes so prosperously, that they quickly made land. At that happy sight, *Eu-  
stachius* and *Theopista* (transported with gladness and gratitude) kneeling, with their hands rear'd to Heaven, gave thanks unto God, who at last had brought them safe to the shore; where they trusted they should finde a contented life, and quiet death.

The Sea-men were scarce come into the road, when the Passengers grown impatient (as if they

they had already touch'd the shore) began to seek their goods, take leave of the Sailers, and satisfie the Master for their passage, with money, or merchandise of like value. Some bid the Pilot farewell, and others thank'd their Friends for their company, while the Mariners went about, begging something to drink; onely of *Eustachius* and *Theopista* (whom they knew were unhappy) they ask'd nothing, but saluted, and saluted them again. They joyfully taking up their poor bundle, and holding each a Child by the hand, expected with gladness when the Bark (which was near the Land) would strike sail, and cast anchor; which no sooner was done, but the Passengers quickly clearing the Vessel, went ashore, *Eustachius* excepted, whose departure certain Mariners of set purpose deferr'd.

With

With eyes seeming big with indignation, and were onely swoln with love, Whither go'st thou, came out roaring the Master of the Ship, whither go'st thou, foul Thief? who shall pay me? How troubled poor *Eustachius* remain'd at those words, 'twould be too sad a thing to conceive; who quickly foresaw, that to his great prejudice, his departure with the rest was suspended. His threats, superfluous to one disarm'd, and miserable, presaged this furious mans guilt; the solitude they sought after, bearing witness of their enterprize, that it needed no testimony.

Poor *Eustachius* reply'd, I go where I hope my necessities will be mercifully supply'd, Heaven will content thee, which is so just, it never suffer'd Charity to go unrewarded, or wickedness unpunished.

Neither

Neither Charity, nor Heaven,  
 ever rigg'd yet my Ships, said the  
 Master, or paid my Men their  
 wages. Who's there? seize on  
 his Wife.

Then *Eustachius* and *Theopista*  
 fell down on their knees, and en-  
 deavouring with their tears, to  
 pay him at least with compassion,  
 since they could not for the pre-  
 sent pay him otherwise, sought  
 humbly to appease him.

What can this poor man pay,  
 who hath nothing of his own,  
 but the trouble of maintaining  
 with his hands, himself, his Wife,  
 and Children? If this poor Bun-  
 dle will content you, he said, I  
 give it you most willingly: But  
 what will you do with these few  
 rags, which ( to preserve us from  
 the injury of the weather ) are  
 left us of our fortune, not to ease,  
 but deride us.

Dispatch, reply'd the barbarous  
 Lover.



Lover. Then going to *Theopista*, who being now Captive, was led as a Prisoner into the Cabbin; Weep not, he said softly to her, weep not my dear, I claim thee alone as my reward, but not for the service of my Bark, but my heart. *Enstachius* (whose Valour, which us'd to be victorious, was not yet extinguish'd) resolving to dye, or recover his Wife, leap'd with such fury to the ground, that he shew'd what an influence grief often hath on gallantry. But what could he do? Those Sea-Tigers threatned with their Swords, their Bows, and Scymitars, to kill before his face in an instant his Children; if he spake a word more, or stirr'd a foot further.

At this so sad encounter, *Enstachius* his heart left his bosome, and his courage his heart. But what will be the issue? Ah I cannot penetrate it, and much less describe

it.

it. This vast disaster deprived him likewise of the little consolation which weeping affords. All grief is contumacious, but this hath so much power, it turns Tyrant. His breast clasp'd his heart in his breast, being afraid to see it murder'd by sorrow. His legs could not bear him from the ground, for the power that gave them motion (call'd to help where there was greater need) could not do its office in a place so remote from the heart; so as the vital parts disagreeing, menac'd ruine to the fabrick of his body. The blood (leaving pale all the members) retir'd altogether in defence of that part the life doth flow from. His soul was all reduc'd into his eyes, for onely by that passage it could finde a way to the languishing heart. He began, and made an end many times, before he had begun to lament.

ment. Grief that may be vented,  
is too weak; neither naturally  
can we lose without torment,  
what we love to possess. He stood  
long on the shore, amaz'd, im-  
moveable, and senseless. Each  
little distance would have made  
him thought one of the stones  
which Ships are fastned to. He  
spake not at all, but when he now  
turned his eyes from the Bark to  
his Children, or from his Children  
to the Bark.

Woe's me, he seem'd to say,  
with his eyes rather querulous,  
than weeping, woe's me, that  
Vessel is fraught with nothing,  
but onely our disasters. O poor  
young Children, and innocently  
unfortunate, behold there your  
life and mine sails away. Ah, I  
said amiss; God would have her  
go; Ah, she is forced away.  
Weep little ones, weep ye, she is  
forced away; she began to suffer  
violence,

violence, even between our arms?  
 What shall we Wretches do?  
 Is that the Bark which carries  
 her? O too cruel eyes, why shew  
 ye it me? Hitherto I have wept  
 for what I have lost, but now I  
 must begin to bewail what is left  
 me. What shew ye me, O cruel  
 eyes? Dear Wife, whither goest  
 thou? who robs me of thee, the  
 ease onely of my tribulations, and  
 the onely tribulation I resent?  
 Whither goest thou, poor *Theopis-  
 sta*? whither goest thou *Theopista*,  
 who to no other end surviv'dst the  
 tempest, but to finde a more dan-  
 gerous haven than shipwrack it  
 self? For what art thou reserv'd?  
 I never thought the time would  
 have come, that I should have de-  
 sir'd (and with pity) to have had  
 thee slain by thunder, and ship-  
 wrack'd. We have lost our Goods,  
 our Slaves, our Herds, and our  
 Countrey, yet none of these losses  
 is

is so great, as that of not losing our selves among the rocks. And O thou Sea, that only would'st be calm'd with my misery, why didst not drown that Bark, where the Husband in the bosome of his Wife, and the Wife with her arms about the neck of her Husband, (though they had lost their lives) would not now have lost the company of each other. Ah, my cruel fate (to make me more unhappy than any ever was) would have me suffer shipwreck no where else, but on the shore.

So he seem'd to speak, with his eyes full of grief, looking sometimes towards the Vessel, which now was out of sight, and sometimes turning himself towards his Children, exposed to want by misfortune, and not any fault of their Mother. But he spake not so courageously before, resembling *Moses* at the foot  
of

of *Sinai*, the place of tribulation; who the more it did thunder on the mountain, remain'd the more undaunted, and got the more ground.

Let's go hence children, he said, let's go hence my sons, God is not pleas'd we shall have any longer the company of dear *Theopista*; his sacred will be done; he takes her away, that gave her to us; and I cannot e're believe, that he, who bestow'd her so just, will let her be corrupted and deprav'd. Let's wholly and willingly submit to his good pleasure, and then he'll be sure to defend, preserve, and comfort her. Ah heart! too pitifull a heart! why tak'st thou it ill? Desir'st thou what God will not have? I am glad of it, that thou may'st not grieve, because the more sensible thou shalt be of this loss, the more meritorious will be thy content, and

and this thy oblation more accepted. Wouldst not lose willingly thy self for the love of thy God? and why not thy Wife? How knowst thou, God takes her not from thee, to preserve her from the dangers peradventure thou mightst leade her into? Ah dear *Theopista*, where art thou? whither goest thou? who robs me of thee, O onely Port of all my disasters? who deprives me of thee, O onely consolation of all my afflictions? whither leadst me, wicked sorrow? Yes, yes, 'tis but justice she is taken from me. And how was I worthy of so good a Wife, so religious a Woman, that have been wicked, sensual, and ingratefull; and having so bountifull a God, have taken up my rest, and confin'd (which is worse) my affections, in the bosome of a Woman, for my haven and comfort? Yes, yes, my beloved

loved *Theopista*, go as far as thou art dear unto me, and I love thee. May I seek no more delight any where, but in thee alone, O dear and loving God, O God, the hope of my hope; O God, the onely delight of my future delights. Farewell *Theopista*, poor *Theopista*, God will preserve thee, whose holy will alwayes be done. Let's go hence, little Sons, let's go hence; she's gone, be content; God will be our *Theopista*, and comfort, accompany, and protect us.

So when he had fitted his least Son on the truss at his back, carrying the other in his bosome, and supporting himself, with the hand he had free, on a poor and mean staff, he follow'd the way that seem'd the most beaten.

O how many times, call'd back by affection, turned he towards the Bark, which he could onely see



see in his minde. Farewell Be-  
 loved, farewell *Theopista*, this  
 is the last farewell; I no longer  
 call thee mine, for God is not  
 pleas'd to have thee so longer.  
 Thanks be to God for all  
 things. Let's go hence little Sons,  
 poor little Sons; God is not  
 pleas'd *Theopista* should be lon-  
 ger with us; God will be our  
*Theopista*, and be his will done.  
 As soon as we shall finde an  
 Habitation, that is capable of  
 our miseries, I'll act the part  
 of *Theopista*, I'll provide for  
 you, get ready your meat, and  
 bless it; I'll teach you Gods  
 name, and how to thank and  
 praise him; ye shall not want  
 comfort, let's one'y go hence.  
 Farewell *Theopista*, God will  
 be with thee. 'Tis time *Eu-*  
*stachius*, to begin to disco-  
 ver the best way, in which  
 God direct us, to finde out  
 the

the place he would have us go to. This way is the directest, let's go here. Ah poor *Theopista*, God knows how thy heart beats, which is so remote from thy dearest *Eustachius*. God knows what thou endurest, and knows what thou fearest. Be confident, be confident God will not forsake thee.

Relying in this manner on God, and offering up often, and suppressing his sorrow, he advanced so far, that coming in the night to certain poor houses, he was treated there charitably till the morning. What rest he took that night, let him conceive that knows. The Children cry'd continually, calling on their Mother, but in vain, unless they call'd on her to wound the heart of their poor and disconsolate Father. Imagine what affliction *Eustachius* was in, who with his own dis-

disasters, was forc'd to ease others.  
O God, what condition !

When the day appeared, he re-  
suming his sad burthen, and  
thanking his Host for his charity,  
informed himself of the way, and  
departed. To lose no time, and  
free his minde from thoughts,  
and the thoughts of the difficulty  
of the way, he sometimes recom-  
mended *Theopists* to the pro-  
tection of Heaven, and sometimes  
gave God thanks for the benefits  
he had receiv'd. He sometimes  
renew'd the oblation and sacri-  
fice of his will, and sometimes  
begg'd strength against so many  
tribulations. He gave God thanks,  
that he thought him not compos-  
ed of Plaister, and pray'd he  
might be worthy of victory.  
Sometimes his little Sons ask'd  
him questions, and sometimes  
begg'd something; and he now  
with words, now with bread,

gave ease to their sufferings. His Childrens vivacity and spirit, was no small consolation to him, who call'd them the staff of his old age, the Companions of his exile, and Asswagers of his cares; and for their education, he design'd them the service of God, to make them share more of his virtue, than fortune. He repos'd many times, & then perhaps slept, his weariness, his sorrow, and former watching, inviting him to it.

At last, after many hours travel, they came to a Torrent, which was stony, and made a huge noyse; the space between whose banks was so great, the eye could not measure its distance. Having laid down his burthen, (not finding any one in that solitude to direct him) he resolv'd to sound the Foard; and laying his Sons to rest, who lying on the grass, began to play together, he

he guided by his staff, descend-  
 ed into the stream, and found  
 the water arriv'd not to his knee,  
 all the danger consisting in the  
 breadth, and not the depth. Be-  
 ing returned to his Sons, he  
 resolv'd to waft them over; but  
 to secure himself, he thought  
 it the best to separate the weight,  
 and carry them over at twice.  
 Having carry'd over one, he came  
 back for the other; but getting up  
 the bank, he had scarce discern'd  
 the shore, when viewing the land  
 with his eyes, he discover'd, ah  
 sight! poor *Enstachius* discover'd  
 a Lion, who stealing away his  
 little Son, fled apace with the  
 Prey in his mouth, but more  
 peradventure out of greediness  
 than fear, and just then va-  
 nish'd out of his sight. Ah what  
 saw he? Ah what will he do?  
 Let's pass by, O Pen, his  
 affections, too bitter to be re-

remembered, and too hard to be imitated. There's need of a veil, lest the colours should express an affliction so great.

*Eustachius* ran faster than the torrent he pass'd. Woe's me, said he, let us make hast, lest the other be likewise in danger. If God will let us have but one Son, one Son is enough; thanks be to God for what he hath left us, and thanks be to him, that his will is perform'd in the loss of the other. O how many men, for one onely son, would call themselves happy? If sons prove a comfort, one onely is enough; but if otherwise, one onely is too much. Ah most unfortunate child, to be buried in the belly of a beast? Ah I am unhappy to beget thee for Lions. I thought I should onely have had cause of complaining against Fortune for making me miserable, but I finde I must complain as  
much

much of Nature, for making me  
a Father.

Speaking in this manner, he  
came to the other bank; and run-  
ning, and out of breath, when he  
got to the top, he began to say  
thus to his son; We have lost thy  
little brother, a Lion hath de-  
vour'd him; when he found, that  
the Wolves, which likewise had  
depriv'd him of the other, came  
howling, to partake of the deli-  
cate Prey.

At this sad Spectacle, what  
kinde of man may we phansy  
the childless; afflicted, and de-  
serted *Eustachius*? I should have  
call'd him Father; but cannot be  
so cruel to remember, he hath no  
more sons.

Hear ye ages, and wonder!  
Hear ye the Miracles of that  
powerfull God, who hath been  
alwayes wonderfull in his ser-  
vants. *Eustachius*, at that lamen-

table fight, humbling and prostrating himself on the ground, began, weeping much, to cry out; O free, O happy state, deserving to be onely acknowledg'd from the hand of a mercifull God; we have nothing else to lose, all our Goods are now secure, and our little Sons (ah little Sons!) got safely to the shore. What matter is't, if by shipwrack, or sailing, they get to the land, provided they get thither with safety. Gods favours should be gratefully commemorated, and not expos'd to censure. Lets sing; my Soul, let's sing the mercies of so gracious a God. O free, O happy state! We are in so fortunate, and secure a condition, that we have nothing else to fear or hope for. Fortune can threaten us no longer, she can no longer trouble us, God be blessed and thank'd, O dear, most



most loving and mercifull God ;  
 and when could I ever have  
 imagin'd, being fetter'd with so  
 many snares of the World, the  
 Flesh, and the Devil, I should  
 be so happy, to be free and dis-  
 engag'd from them all, and one-  
 ly depend on my will ? On my  
 will, which is now, and ever  
 shall be thee, O my dearly be-  
 loved, the love of my soul,  
 my God ? Thou shalt be my  
 Mother, my Wife, my Father,  
 and Children ; in thee are to  
 be calm'd my affections, my  
 miseries, and thoughts ; thou  
 art to be the object of my un-  
 derstanding, the prey of my will,  
 and the glory of my memory. And  
 since thou hast brought me to this  
 happiness, shall I have so rebell-  
 ious, so stubborn, and so senseless a  
 heart, to bewail it when it comes ?  
 Ah my God, my heart is of flesh, be  
 pleas'd to forgive it ; and of stone,  
 be

be pleas'd to split it ; draw from it the water , may set forth thy glory. From thee , in thee , and for thee , I protest for the future , all my thoughts , my affections , and words , shall begin , advance , and terminate. I protest , whatsoever hath not thee for its object and center , my Creatour , Redeemer , and my God , ( the name I alwayes finde the most sweet ) I will not approve of. I will no longer will any thing , but what thou would'st have me to will ; nor love any thing , but what thou would'st have me to love. What is not of God , or for God , *Enstachius* shall not love , or desire.

So raising courageously himself , ( Ah , good men have afflictions without , but consolation within ) as if he had endur'd nothing yet , he went on , beseeching God to begin now at last to exercise and try him.

And

And when, said he, shall we ever have a better occasion? when ever finde a time so opportune, to suffer for Gods sake? Afflictions are no longer impediments, to divert us from the service of God, to which we are wholly devoted. Where are the tribulations and miseries that were threatned? What hitherto we have suffered, was ill onely out of opinion, and what have we suffered of our own? Goods, Honours, Dignities, Wife, and Children, were no otherwise ours, than as troubles. And must it be call'd and esteem'd a tribulation, to be rid of troubles, subjection, and impediments? Ah my God, and what do I suffer, for thy sufferings for me? And what satisfaction do I make thee, for the many offences I so long have committed? When thou wast pleas'd to suffer for me, didst not willingly

willingly lose thy Goods, thy Mother, and thy Countrey? Wast not willingly torn in pieces, and crucify'd, and which is more than all, most innocently? And shall I wicked man, in my tribulations and sorrows for my sins, have nothing to relate, but that I was present at the sufferings of others? If thou sayst I am so weak, I shall be discontented, and likewise unfortunate, if thou, who canst not erre, hast so low an opinion of the love I bear thee. For my own part I confess, that methinks I have more courage, and dare perform more. Give me, ah give me an affliction deserving the testimony of my love, and let what is past be my penance. Let what I must yet suffer, be consecrated wholly to the love. I consume my self in, for thy sake; for I cannot endure to be a vulgar Servant to God. The  
favours

favours thou hast done me; oppose it, and my soul cannot suffer it, which blushes to be only known a Christian, by not worshipping of Idols. Hitherto my Wife hath been a Sufferer, my Children, and Slaves, and 'tis now high time I suffer something for thy sake, for thee, O my dear, most loving, and mercifull God.

With these, and the like entertainments, *Eustachius* went so far, that at last he arriv'd at a Village call'd *Badiso*, whose retiredness and poverty so pleas'd him, he resolv'd to fix there, if he could. The few persons living in that place, made it partly seem no desert, though otherwise it was unfrequented, where they sow'd what was necessary, to keep them alive; and not sell, unless they sold, not because they possess'd,

possess'd, but because they liv'd there. The place was remote enough from *Rome*, to conceal him from fame; and as far from noyse, as necessary to separate the minde from the pleasures of the world. There poverty was no shame, for riches were not known; nor us'd they treacheries there, for interest commanded not. The men there dissembled not, for there they did not cover; and the women did not set themselves to sale, for they lov'd not for lust, but to preserve nature. The air was calm, the soyl very fertile, and the Inhabitants sincere. *Eustachius* thought this place was agreeable to the life he had design'd; and therefore recommending himself unto God, for the illumination of his will, he sought how to live. But he soon was entertain'd, as a Partner in those rural affairs, by a good and

and poor man, of some little power there; but whether a Labourer, or Master, I know not, for I know not if the tyrannie of dominion was in force at that time, in a place so retir'd.

*Eustachius*, giving thanks unto God for this ultimate favour, so willingly and industriously fell to tilling of the ground, that the Owner of the Village, being eas'd of his labour, and glad of his new servant, ascrib'd and imputed to Heavens gentle influence, the arrival of this Pilgrim, to whose care now he committed all his business, and his poor estate.

The Earth return'd so happily *Eustachius* his labours, that the Master was astonish'd, who thought it impossible so small a spot of ground should abound in that manner. All that beheld it, thought it painted, and not till'd, it pleasing as well the eye, as 'twas

'twas usefull for man's life. Each Turf brought forth Flowers, every Flower Fruit, and all Fruit grew ripe. The Seeds seem'd ranged into order, not scatter'd; and the Trees being lopp'd, shew'd the Husbandman's industry, by their growing the better. The Meadows were pleasant, the fallow ground manur'd, and every thing answer'd art, the eye, and expectation, with increase, delight, and Plenty. Ah, O God, the sighs of the Tiller were the South-west-winds, and his tears the dew, which made the soyl as fertile, as the Paradise of his soul.

Fifteen years together liv'd *Eustachius*, in this hard, but happy poverty; in which time he trafficking for eternity, and leading a life that was rather a meditation than life, discover'd to the world, how men may live on Earth, and yet dwell in Heaven.



Heaven. Every thing inform'd  
 him of his Maker, and in every  
 thing he found something to en-  
 cite him to a Virtue. If a little  
 thin Cloud pass'd by, he reve-  
 renc'd it as a shadow of Gods  
 presence, and contemplated in  
 the Heavens on his Palace,  
 and in the Sun on his Taber-  
 nacle. In each breath of air,  
 he adored the Spirit of God,  
 passing and triumphing on the  
 wings of the winde. He either  
 plow'd, mow'd, or sow'd, ne-  
 ver wanting occasion of recol-  
 lecting himself. He grieved,  
 that Man from the Earth, an  
 insensible thing, could pro-  
 mise himself a gratitude for  
 each, though little, labour of  
 his tilling; when he, who  
 had a soul, and was rational,  
 and more oblig'd to God than  
 any other Creature, was cold,  
 slow, and backward in retur-  
 ning

ning him thanks, who cover'd  
 him with the Heavens, warm'd  
 him with the Sun, sustain'd him  
 on a Pavement of Flowers, and  
 nourish'd him with plenty of all  
 things drawn out of the ground.  
 Every Flower put him in minde  
 of a virtue. The whiteness of the  
 Lilly made him blush to think,  
 a Soul redeem'd by Christ, should  
 let a stinking Flower surpass it  
 in purity. In every Rose he  
 found a thorn, piercing his heart,  
 and upbraiding the little charity  
 he express'd for the love of his  
 God, who crown'd and rent with  
 thorns, was torn to save him.  
 The herb Turnsole is never weary  
 in following the tracks of the  
 Sun, *Enstachius* said, mortifying  
 himself; and wilt thou, O my  
 heart, let a Flower instruct thee,  
 in loving, serving, and contem-  
 plating on thy God? The Hy-  
 acinth, in the opening of his leaves,  
 sends

sends forth sweet and sad notes ;  
 and he that bewails not his sins  
 in his heart, bewails them in the  
 leaves. But what doth *Eustachi-*  
*us* perform, who hath been so  
 long, and continually a Sinner ?  
 Every green Herb taught him  
 hope, and every fruitfull Tree imi-  
 tation. These Meditations ended  
 in extasies of his minde, which se-  
 ver'd from the body, did run to  
 the feet of his Creatour, to thank  
 him for the fruit he had gather'd,  
 as a benefit receiv'd ; and the im-  
 mature fruit, as a benefit expe-  
 cted. Such was the life of *Eusta-*  
*chius*, in that solitude inhabited  
 by Angels, who continually de-  
 scending and ascending, as it  
 were on *Jacob's* Ladder, beheld  
 and admired the love, which to-  
 wards his Creatour he expressed,  
 whom I cannot call earthly,  
 since he alwayes liv'd in Heaven.

The

hidden forth sweet and sad notes;  
 and he that pawaits not his sin  
 in his heart, howells it in the  
 heart. But some doth say  
 as per some who say that  
 long, and continually a sinners  
 Every man that keeps him  
 hope and every faithful Christian  
 state. These things are  
 in the heart of the man who  
 world from the body, and then to  
 the face of his Creator, to thank  
 him for the time he had passed,  
 as a poor creature; and the in-  
 nature of the soul, as a lowly crea-  
 ture, that is the soul of the  
 body; in that the soul is  
 by nature, who continually is  
 longing and stretching, and  
 were a lowly creature, and  
 and the soul of the body, which is  
 words of the Creator, who  
 whom I cannot call myself,  
 since he always liveth in heaven.



The Loving Husband,  
and Prudent Wife, &c.

---

The third Book.

---

**W**Hosoever is thankfull to  
God in prosperity; pays  
his debts; but he that  
gives him thanks in adversity,  
turns Creditor. Tribulation, sayes  
Saint *Jerome*, is a fruit of the  
Almond-tree, the rinde of which  
is bitter, but the kernel very  
sweet. And the Naturalists ob-  
serve, when the Almond-tree is  
full of blossoms, 'tis a sign of a  
plentifull

plentifull harvest. Our *Eustachius* makes it good, whose sufferings all know, which have been so great, their billows have petrify'd his heart, and render'd it stony, obdurate, and dead; to passions and affections. Under the bitter Plant of affliction, as *Jacob* under the Turpentine-tree, *Eustachius* hath bury'd the Idols of his affections, his interest, and desires. His heart is no longer of flesh, but of Christ; and had it been open'd, the name of *Jesus* would have been found there, as in that of *Ignatius* the Martyr. But God would not permit him to continue in this state. Tribulations may serve to increase his temptations, but cannot increase the faith of his invincible heart, which can have no addition of courage. The eagerness and valour he hath shew'd on all occasions, give him worthily the praises

ses and title of a Noble Commander, who had been still victorious. Here misery made a stand, and Heaven clear'd up to this fortunate Passenger.

As *Eustachius* was discoursing one day with certain Husbandmen, in order to their rural affairs, two Strangers saluting them kindly, approached to them, whose civility the Country People returning, offer'd themselves readily to serve them in what they were able. The Strangers thanking them, seem'd most desirous to have information of a Roman, call'd *Placidus*, who together with his Wife, and two Sons; had been missing fifteen years, and they were in quest of.

*Eustachius*, who before had been their General, and their intimate Friend, knew them, but was not known again. And who would e're have thought so pale,  
so

so hairy, and so humble a countenance, colour'd onely with misfortune, could have been the face of *Placidus*, who formerly full of majestie, and glittering like the Sun, represented in the Colours of his Banners, the Purple of his Triumphs.

At this their encounter, and demands, *Eustachius* could not choose but be sensible of the natural commotions our frailty occasions; so as 'tis no wonder if the memory of himself, his Wife, and his Sons, caused him to relent.

The temptation was strong, because too unexpected, and had a too delicate opportunity, and too little suspected. His Friends were the cause, whose affections, incommmodity, and charity, (unless by not concealing them) he could not return. Quickly, but quietly, lest he should have been observ'd,



observ'd, he sadly turn'd his back,  
and leaving the company, went  
weeping towards his home. His  
tears trickl'd down in too great  
an abundance, and he perceiv'd he  
wept, with a kind of afflicted  
sensuality (even tears, said *Metro-*  
*dorus*, have their lust) which he  
soon was sorry for.

Woe is me, what do I? Men  
weep not in this manner for the  
easing of nature, whose sorrows  
to appease, many tears are not  
requisite. Men weep in this man-  
ner, for some unruly passion, ty-  
rannically subduing their reason.  
Lets look to our selves, O *Eusta-*  
*chius*, least the Devill circum-  
vent us, for this violence is too  
great.

So he spake to himself, when  
invaded by the memory of his  
former prosperity, his love to his  
wife, and his grief for the death  
of his sons, but conquer'd by his  
G fear,

fear, to be seen by his God, too devoted to the world; he besought his sacred Majesty, not to suffer any earthly affliction to prevayle in his heart, which dedicated and bequeathed to him, was no otherwise of *Eustachius*, than as *Eustachius* could not serve without a heart, and love his gracious God.

So with unknown resentments, resembling a trance, which might be thought a punishment for his sorrow, but probably was the sweetness, and fruit of his devotion, he fell to the earth, beseeching God to moderate so immoderate a passion. He would have begg'd of God, as he was pleas'd to comfort him with the unexpected presence of two such dear friends, so he would too be pleas'd (even once before he dy'd) to shew him his beloved *Theopista*, since he could not hope possibly.

to see his little sons (ah little sons) so unfortunately lost, and bewayl'd.

He would have pursu'd his desire with devout supplications, and prayers, if he could have been assur'd it was no temptation, he being so confirm'd, and onely intense in the will of his Creator, that it seem'd to him a sin to desire it. He so passionately was enamour'd of God, that he thought, if he lov'd any thing besides him, 'twould decrease his love to God.

These his irresolutions & doubts exprest his devotion and affection to God. Tis one of the happineses of a soul in the state of grace, to see that all his thoughts, affections, and operations are prayers, incenses, and meritorious.

To these supplications of *Eustachius*, a voyce answer'd plainly

ly from Heaven, which spake in this manner. Be of good cheer, dear *Eustachius*, I do not forget thee; O God, what expressions! O heart too hard, and too deafe! Dost thou hear what God doth to his servants, and yet takest pleasure in rebelling against him? Ah, what unhappiness?

*Eustachius* encourag'd with this voyce, whose affectionate expressions may be easier imagin'd, than describ'd, when he had ador'd, prais'd, and thank'd Almighty God, whose favours we return, when we gratefully acknowledge them, rising from the ground, proceeded on his way. Every pace was a sigh, and every sigh an arrow, which he shot towards Heaven; Arrows not rebelling, but ejaculatory, shot towards a sweet enemy from an amorous heart, and not to offend, but provoke.

The

The showrs, which fall with thunder, by *Plutarch* call'd fulgoral, are the best to water, and make the earth fruitfull, from whence they are exhal'd.

He no sooner was returned to his work, but his foresaid Companions came suddenly upon him, who being still in motion, here only excepted, ended fortunately their pilgrimage in this field, where their own consolation, and Countreyes felicity they found green and flourishing in the person of *Eustachius*. They relating the marks, and Characters of *Placidus* and *Theopista*, enquired of him, if he could peradventure, give tydings of them, whom they asked so kindly after: he could not but be mov'd at their cordiall affection, and pity their sufferings, in seeking after him.

Gentlemen, he reply'd, why seek yee him so earnestly, and

with such inconveniency to your selves ?

Great things, said the strangers, of which our great love is the least, induce us to seek him. He no more conquer'd by the love of his friends, than the curiosity of sense, conceal'd still himself ; but because he was charitable, & desired to oblige them to his power, he sayed he could not satisfy their demand, reply'd in this manner.

'Tis now very late, and because in this poor Country you will not find easily lodging, He willingly accomodate you this night, if you please to accept it. They receiv'd his most courteous invitation, God so directing them, who disposes of our hearts, and subordinates the means to the end. When they came into the house, and his master was withdrawn, he besought him, in relation to his  
many

many years service, to lodge the noble strangers for a night. What can we deny to so usefull, and so faithfull a servant? All ceremonies in expressions of kindness, being ended, they sat down to supper, where *Eustachius* was the Cook, Sewer, Carver, and Cup-bearer, and made them all the Sauces, we can taste, where charity makes the feast.

In the mean time, while the strangers discoursed of *Eustachius* his kindness, and entertainment, they thought they saw something extraordinary in his countenance, and behaviour, which they were acquainted with. The more they heard him speak, and partak'd of his Charity, the more clearly they thought his face confirm'd them he was *Placidus*, the end of their travaile, and object of their thoughts, whose health they drank, and onely spake of.

God knows, where we may finde him, they said, how he lives, and who shall be so happy to discover him. His sons are now men, and his wife, if she be living, must be old. God knows, if we shall know them, if we meet them, and if they'll know us.

These sad, and affectionate remembrances made *Eustachius* now and then shed a teare, and though he did all in his power to suppress them, the violence he used gave his friends an opportunity to perceive him much concern'd, by his labouring so violently to conceal them.

The strangers wonder, and suspicion perswaded them to doubt (if we doubt what we desire) he was *Placidus*, so as among themselves they began in this manner.

Dear *Antiochus*, I take him for *Placidus*, when the other, call'd



call'd *Aratius*, reply'd, I doubt  
 it very much. His age and stature  
 agree well with *Placidus*, his  
 voice is the same, and his  
 shape not unlike: But where are  
 his wife, and his sons? why  
 should he conceale himself from  
 us? from us, who have been al-  
 ways his servants, and lovers of  
 his family, and name? But if he  
 be not *Placidus*, what meane his  
 compassionate looks, and inter-  
 rupted sobbs, the greatest signes of  
 love? Ah tis he, the first reply'd  
 quickly, but softly said the second,  
 grant he be the same (but we are  
 not so happy) he cannot be hid  
 from us; *Placidus* in the nape of  
 his neck, hath the skar of a wound,  
 which, if it be he, will assure us  
 of the truth. Indeed said *Antio-  
 chus*, you say very well, and  
 therefore let's look there imme-  
 dately. Ah, if we shall not dis-  
 cover it, the pleasure, we receive

by this hope, will too soon have an end. So between hope & fear, they went to *Eustachius*, and looking on that part of his neck, which ends in his right shoulder, they found and read the character of the changes of fortune, represented in his life. I know not if they wept, nor can express their sorrow, for tears had no roome in two hearts so full of joy, so as it was necessary to deferre it: Their tears fell in showres, not in drops, two eyes being too few for so sweet an affliction.

Ah long'd for *Placidus*, and why didst conceale thy self from us? from us, whom so often thou hast call'd the faithfull friends of all thy fortune? By what fault of ours hast thou been induc'd to live in a condition, in which to hide thy self, its usefull to thee, or may procure thy shame to be known unto us?

Can

Can there be so ill a state (when  
tis for thy advantage to own it)  
can make us affrayd? Hath for-  
tune Peradventure, among its  
Many evils, a disease that kills  
gratitude and love? Ah *Placidus*,  
and what have we done to me-  
rit this rigour? If thou art desi-  
rous to conceale thy self from  
saine, to be known unto us, it re-  
veales thee not to any. We have  
found thee, if thou wilt, and if  
thou wilt not, our discovery of  
thee shall but serve to this end,  
that even in this place, we have  
sought thee. Thou canst not re-  
fuse to be known unto us, unless  
thou wilt deny us the reward our  
paines justly claime for seeking  
thee so long. This, thy vertue will  
not suffer us to fear, and our hearts  
cannot credit, which have always  
lov'd thee so, that we cannot leave  
seeking thee, not when thou de-  
sir'st not, to be found, nor when  
thou

thou thy self think'st thy self in  
such a state, deserves to be even  
avoyded by thy self.

These tears were let fall by his  
courteous cōpanions; to whom *Eu-  
stachius* was willing to be known,  
when he saw he was discover'd.

Friends, he reply'd, the very  
same affection that causes your  
sorrow for my solitude, is the thing  
that occasions, and deserves it.  
The more dearly ye love me, the  
more justly ye deserve I should  
conceale from you the inkiome,  
information of my state. When I  
could no longer serve you in any  
thing, but by hindering my cala-  
mities, to disturb your repose, I  
rety'd in this habit, much lesse  
grievous than my fortune. I  
thought I was unhappy enough,  
without taking one me the sorrow  
of others. For this onely reason I  
declined your presence, and now  
beg your Pardon, for being diso-  
bedient.

bedient. I was in so low an ebb of fortune, that having nothing left me to lose, but my friends, I thought my love to them oblig'd me to leave them, to prevent their being taken from me.

Kisses interrupted these excuses, by drowning, and stifling them in tears and embraces. They were forc'd to be silent, because they were forced to weep, and could not find words to express so great a love. But their joyes quickly ended, for no sooner *Antiochus*, had obtained a truce of his passion, but turning to *Eustachius*, he ask'd him for *Trajana*, and his two young, and beautifull sons, who, inferiour in nothing but number, to the Graces, were admir'd by the people of *Rome*, who wisht the Latin Empire might perpetually abound with persons of like valour.

*Eusta-*

*Eustachius* recounted all the accidents, which befell *Theopista*, and his sons, at whose most unfortunate, and dreadfull remembrance, if his two dear companions did not kill themselves with weeping, 'twas by reason of their horror and amazement at the tragickall relation.

Many of the inhabitants of the village, where the same was soon spread of *Eustachius* his quality, brake off their discourses and complements, by their concurrence to them, who with gladness, and confusion mix'd together, came to see, and do him homage, and there was none amongst them so rude that relented not, considering in what manner, and how roughly, the bravest souldier living had been depress'd by fortune.

All of them amaz'd at such strange revolutions, began to bewaile

wayle his departure, as foreseen, and especially they who just came to see him, as the two dear Companions related, how *Trajan* (resolving to chastize a certain nation, for pillaging temerariouſly, and depopulating the Confinés of the Empire) expected only *Placidus*, whose valour alone was supposed to paralell the greatness of so dangerous an enterprize. *Acatius* and *Antiochus* affirm'd, that *Trajan* had often been sorry for the distance and misfortune of *Placidus*; and particularly in this occasion, so as proposing many rewards, and preferments to the bringer of him back, he had sent into all Countreys to enquire strictly after him,

The good, and honest Peasants were afflicted, when they knew he must depart, who caused *Badiſo* to be env'y'd by the Capitol. They thought when *Eustachius* depart

departed , serenity would depart from their clime, and fertility from the soyl. Ah, said they , when he is gone from us, who still was so ready to help every one , so kind , and so usefull , whither shall we go for Counsell, assistance , and a pattern ?

The better part of night was consum'd in so many , and such different narrations, and conflicts of love , so as they were forc'd to repose.

*Eustachius* alone indefatigably spent the residue of the night in commending himself to his God , and beseeching him, to guide and protect him to the place , where he might spend his life, and Sacrifice his death in his service. He rememberd , he had heard from Gods own mouth , he should be restor'd to his former condition, so as knowing 'twas Gods Will ( to comport himself always , in every thing,



thing to the will of his Creator ) he resolv'd to go thence with his friends, to see in what God would employ and command him: when the dawning of the day began to appear in that Heaven , which surpass'd each thing in clearness , but the heart of our gallant Cavalier, they all rose.

The art the world uses in laughing, and weeping , in order to interest , and not to affection, is the cause , that to describe with how many tears, the departure of *Eustachius* was accompany'd, will not shew with what sorrow, he was seen to depart , of all the Countrey-people , who flocking to him , embrac'd , attended him, & wept, and he that first return'd, ended first the necessity of leaving him.

By his friends , who were copiously provided of all things, he was clad in the journey , according

ding to his quality , where the trouble they had , was not long , for they guided by the soft , and gentle gale of Gods grace , arriv'd in thirty dayes at the haven so desired.

The fame of his coming outstript him , so as at his arrivall in *Rome* , he found the City full of acclamations for him , where the joy , and honours he was receiv'd with , unless we'll do them wrong , are incapable of relation. He enter'd the City in triumph , if ever any triumph was accompany'd with applauses of that kinde , where every street was a Capitoll , and every voyce a Panegerique. Nor was it at all necessary to exhort him against pride , for he went as compos'd , and modest , as became a child of Heaven. This was a triumph o're fortune , which conquer'd , and suppress'd by his vertue , beheld him pass to glory  
on

on a Chariot of hearts, and wills. When they came to the Palace, embraces tyr'd the day, where the the Emperour met him, embraced, and honour'd him, and inform'd of his adversities, could not think of them, but with sorrow. Each ear distill'd into Pitty, that listened to his disasters, whose fortune would have had the name of tragedy, if it had not had a gallant Cavalier for the subject.

When the Emperour, and the Orders of the City had receiv'd him with so many, and so glorious expressions of kindness, the interest, and reasons of the war, were imparted to *Eustachius* by *Trajan*, in whose Cabinet he learnt, that the happiness of Princes resides altogether in the chamber of Presence, beyond which, the secretest rooms have onely the greatness of troubles, and cares. He found that *Trajan*,  
dismayd.

dismayd with the greatness of the conspiracy, the distance of the place, difficulty of provisions, and insufficiency, and infidelity of his ministers of State, prepar'd for a war, which reason represented as dangerous, as necessary, and inevitable, for the honour of his Crown,

*Eustachius* particularly inform'd of *Trajan's* designs, so commended on them, that the Emperour perceiv'd, Victory is the daughter of Counsell, and where prudence speaks, fortune, tis probable, will cease to be inconstant, and find fixed stations.

*Trajan*, without making more ado, relying altogether on the Vertue and Courage of *Eustachius* made him publicly the Generall, and recommending to him the glory of the Latin Empire, remanded him so fraught with his favours,

favours, that had it not been justice to advance by all possible means the honour of his Master, gratitude would have put him in minde of returning the benefits of so gracious and generous a Prince.

When *Eustachius* had muster'd the Army, settled each Command, and provided all sorts of ammunition, he marched towards the enemy, but the name of the enemy, and how the war was manag'd, antiquity hath not left it so clearly to us, as (without doing wrong to the truth of the story) to descend to particulars. This may be enough, that *Eustachius* conquering the difficulties of a tedious & dangerous way, and often contesting with the incommodities of hunger, the outrages of ill weather, and ambushes of the adversary, discover'd, cop'd, fought with him, and o'rcame him.

When

When he had subdu'd the rebell, he secured the Empire to the Emperour, and remustering his souldiers, renown'd by the victory, and enricht with the booty, resolv'd to retreat. But 'twould not be amisse, to relate the affectionate charity, with which he commiserating the unfortunate, moderated the anger of the Conquerours, restrain'd the rapacity of the Covetous, and repress'd the fierceness of the lustfull, telling them with arguments, but more efficaciously by his own example, that victories are dishonour'd by acts of injustice, and we make an ill return of Heavens favours, when we do commit cruelties. It would peradventure be convenient, and perhaps not unprofitable, to tell the love, and tears, he devoutly exprest, for the multitude of graces from God, but who can describe the conceptions of

of an Angel? Graces he receiv'd,  
 and was thankfull for them; and  
 was thankfull, because he re-  
 ceiv'd them; and receiv'd them,  
 because he was thankfull. He re-  
 turn'd them so affectionately, that  
 oftentimes the graces losing the  
 name of graces, became the re-  
 ward of his gratitude; his zeal  
 making him so deserving, that the  
 favours he receiv'd, made him  
 capable of deserving them afresh.  
 O most happy state of a Soul in  
 love with God!

The Army marched, and mar-  
 ched in order, every pace being  
 regular, in respect of their mo-  
 tion, and conveniency of the sta-  
 tions. The Van-guard, Battalia,  
 and Reer-guard, with the Bag-  
 gage, and Provisions, in their  
 place. Light-Horsmen scowr'd  
 the way, though the Countrey  
 was open, and no danger of am-  
 bushes, and the Precursors went  
 for

for Forrage, as the way was commodious. In every thing they provided against the perils of a War, and enjoy'd in every thing the delights of a Peace. They marched in order, not out of suspicion, but discipline, for their Arms serv'd onely for the character, and not the defence of the Souldier. At the end of some dayes, *Eustachius* arriving in a pleasant and fruitfull part of *Egypt*, resolved the Army shou'd repose for some time, which, by reason of its hard and toylsome march, was in no good condition. During the sweetness of this rest, the Souldiers allur'd by the pleasantness of the Countrey, went recreating themselves in that Paradise of *Egypt*, whose bosome still enamell'd with a Spring of standing Treasures, invited them with pleasure and tranquillity to lye every where on the ground.

It



It happened on a time, that two of them declining the heats at noon day, were resting themselves in a shade of Palm-trees, where a Garden lay conceal'd, which for the delights of the Inhabitants, was seated in the most remote part of the House.

They lay solitary on the grass, and talking among themselves; and because the conveniency of the place, and the time unfit for business, gave them the opportunity, they passing from one to another discourse, informed each other by turns of the state and condition of their fortunes.

A poor Woman, that was spinning behind the hedge of the neighbouring Garden, and refreshing her self in the shade, heard all their discourse, and things; which not onely caus'd amazement in her heart, but drew tears from her eyes. She toss'd up

H

and

and down disorder'd , and much troubled ; resolves to change the climate , to make use of the tidings she received by chance. But how will she be able to do it, since she is so unhappy , that to call her a Woman of small fortune , would detract from her calamity ?

While these mental tumults lasted, her minde gave her, happily the General , if she made it her suit , would easily condescend to her modest desires.

She , who had her heart and her ears replenish'd with the celebrated piety of *Eustachius*, embrac'd the suggestion ; and arriving at the place, where she heard he was quarter'd , continues her request for access, and easily obtain'd it of him ; who never ashamed to have his actions seen , retires to live more quietly , and not to sin more secretly. She found  
him

him sitting in the midst of his Champions, the glory of that age, where I might say, he recreated himself, if treating of a Hero, it came not near impiety, not to say, he was at Councel. She first prostrating her eyes, and then kneeling, rather owning the title of a noble and modest Maid, than a mature and beggarly Egyptian, spake to him in this manner.

You see, my Lord, a poor unhappy Creature, who hath lost all that Heaven and Nature could give her. Time and Fortune have robb'd me of my Youth, my Parents, Countrey, Means, Husband, and Sonnes. But Heaven be praised, whose decrees should be alwayes held in reverence, nothing else is left me; but the dreggy part of my age, which being vile, infirm, frail, impotent, and painfull, begins now so to trouble me, I am oblig'd to think

of my Grave, to prevent my being miserable, even after death. *Rome* was my Countrey, whether naturall affection calls me, the onely favour I have left me to beg for so wretched a Carcass. I beseech you, Noble Sir, deny not my request, that I may at your charitable charge once again see that soyl, which though it gave me so unfortunate a birth, deserves my love so well, I never shall remember it, but with tears, and with sighs.

These few, and sweet words, which she utter'd with humility, and a modesty expressing majestie, the standers by mov'd with compassion, commended extreamly.

*Eustachius*, who never was more happy and contented, than when he had occasion to exercise his piety, approaching to her, who continu'd yet kneeling, reply'd;

ply'd; Poor Woman, thou shalt receive comfort. Thy discretion bears thee witness, thy birth is as thou say'st. Rest satisfied, I will take such order, thou shalt be provided of all things in the journey, and go along with us to the place thou desirest.

On the sudden the good Woman, when she heard him say so, as if she had been struck to the heart, lifting up her eyes, and fixing them on the countenance of the General, being dismay'd, amaz'd, and pale, with a certain distemper, which some did interpret confusion, and others astonishment, stood still without motion. Every one admiring the strangeness of the thing, fell a guessing at the cause produced to sudden a passion. But the pale and wan colour in her cheeks, became quickly a fine red; and as soon as her minde had obtain'd

some peace to so many perturbations, she endeavour'd with her tears to vent her great passion.

*Eustachius* more amaz'd than the rest, and urging her to tell the sudden cause of so sensible a sorrow, offer'd to assist her more abundantly, if she needed, or desir'd it.

The issue was thus; when the Woman had calmed her passion, and was confident of the Generals magnanimity, she besought him at last, that dismissing the Company, he would suffer her, for a short space of time, to speak to him alone, about business concerning her. *Eustachius* condescended, and all the standers by went away, leaving her shut in, and alone with the General; who longing, irresolute, and wavering, by reason of many doubts, guess'd, penetrating with his judgement, what the Beggar would

would say , who was not, without a great myserie, so grievously, and suddenly afflicted.

They discoursed long together, so as they who were without, were a great while onely curious; but when the length of time began to exceed what they thought in probability was enough to dispatch such mean affairs, amazement succeeded.

And what things deserving so tedious a Session, do the tears of a despicable Woman design? What counsels does so valiant and so honoured a Champion impart, or receive from a Female of no worth? While they murmur'd in this manner, a Sergeant, whom the General called, at last enter'd in, who quickly returning with a pale and troubled countenance, obsequiously and hastily shut the door of the Chamber. How amaz'd they were at that,

I cannot relate, their wonder even making them dye of fear. Ah, what's the matter? All came about the nimble Messenger, asking him earnestly the cause of his paleness and sollicitude.

Sirs, he reply'd, great things are sure amiss, but what, I could not penetrate: but I found the General weeping, who so often with dry eyes hath seen the doubtfull dangers of Victory, and contemned and o'recome the horrors of death. I am seeking certain Souldiers he commanded should be brought to him presently, and hinder not his service.

The Souldiers he sought after, were the very same Men whose discourse the same day the poor Woman had heard and observ'd behind the hedge of the Garden.

'Twas not long ere he came back, accompanied by the two Souldiers;



Souldiers; who hearing with what trouble and impatience the General expected them, were dejected, and half dead. The paleness in their faces was interpreted by the Waiters, as the mark of an ill conscience; and every one look'd strangely upon them, as well because they thought they were guilty of the Generals sadness, whom they lov'd, as because, if they were destin'd to ill fortune, 'twas necessary to begin to declare, they had no amity with them. Friendship dyes, when Calamity is born. Even this increas'd the horror of the Wretches, who the more they were us'd to be respected, as being Lanciers, and sitting at the General's Table, bewail'd with greater terrour, the contempt and disesteem shew'd to them in this occasion. *Eustachius* inform'd of their arrival, gave order to the

Sergeant, to usher them in ; who commanded immediately to go out , return'd to his Companions to raise new doubts among them ; who perplex'd , panted after the knowledge of such strange and impenetrable news. *Eustachius* not long after, cry'd aloud , so as every one, attentive to hear what succeeded, heard resound from the Chamber, though shut, a lamentable confusion of weeping, and sobs.

They irresolute awhile , concluded at last, they were bound to go in, to see if they were able to do their Lord service. But the Chamber being open'd, they amaz'd , and more disorder'd than before, found, ( ah wonder ! ) found, that their valiant Commander, prostrate between two Souldiers, and a despicable Woman, lay pitifully weeping, like a drooping little Boy, that had been

been correctedd for his faults?

*Eustachius* no sooner beheld them, but rising from the ground, and instantly looking chearfull, cry'd aloud unto them, Come in Brethren, come in; I invite you to behold the unspeakable wonders of Gods providence and mercies. The joy his words occasion'd, which were far more pleasing than they could imagine, surpass'd each affection in the breasts of the Auditors, curiosity excepted. When they were enter'd in, he re-spake in this manner.

Behold here, O Friends, my Wife, and my Sons, the chances of whose losses will eternally be famous in the Diaries of my Misfortunes.

He recounted here particularly to them, how his Wife had long since been violently taken from him by an amorous Robber; and how

how by the favour of Heaven;  
 she preserv'd undefil'd, surviving  
 the barbarous Fellow, and ex-  
 tremely necessitous, came begging  
 to the service of a Garden, behind  
 whose hedge she had the occasion  
 of re-knowing her Sons, who  
 contracting a friendship, and re-  
 lating the unfortunate accidents  
 of each others fate, were known  
 to be Brothers.

All ran on the sudden by turns,  
 to embrace and do homage unto  
 their new Lords; by whom they  
 were inform'd of the manner,  
 how the one by Shepherds re-  
 cover'd out of the mouth of a  
 Wolf, and the other by Peasants  
 out of the paws of a Lion, had,  
 spending their time in a mean e-  
 ducation, been at last by a Drum  
 recall'd to their natural inclina-  
 tion.

Acclamations soon began, the  
 usual Companions of felicity;  
 each

each one affirming, he admir'd how 'twas possible they took not before for *Placidus* his Sons, those valiant young Gentlemen, who were so like their Father in the features of the face, the strength of arm, and magnanimity of heart. Kinde receptions, praises, and congratulations, would have never had an end, if the General, who most passionately desired to thank again his gracious Creatour, had not, taking an occasion from the time, (the night now coming on very fast) after his thanks to every one for their kindness, most courteously and dexterously dismiss'd them.

After their departure, *Eustachius* left onely with his Wife and his Sons, began to say to them, Ah Wife, ah Sons, as dear to my heart, as all the hope it hath, and all its felicity; and  
what

what sense have we of the multitude of favours so mercifull a God bestows upon us? Ah dear *Theopista*, whom so long I have sigh'd for, behold me again in thy arms; I embrace thee by the favour of that most loving Father, who most graciously and mercifullly depriv'd me of thee, to make me relish pleasure, by restoring thee to me. And O ye Sons, so principal a part of my bowels, have ye in such disastrous and difficult wayes of hostile vicissitudes kept the innocence was due from you by gratitude, not onely by nature, for the many obligations, which more than all men living besides, ye have to so bountifull a God? Embrace ye me, O Sons, O Sons much desir'd, and twice born. O how many times have tears drown'd my sleep, when I thought I heard you howling and roaring in the Woods?

Woods ? But glory be to God,  
 we behold one another once  
 again , and shall meet for the fu-  
 ture more happily , for the plenty  
 of so many favours cannot choose  
 but so mollify , and so powerfull-  
 ly in the end raise our hearts to  
 correspond with God Almighty ,  
 but that this correspondence , en-  
 flaming, and replenishing us with  
 him, must showre on our souls a  
 Paradise of graces , of glory , and  
 happiness.

Here he made an end, for affe-  
 ction brake the thread of his dis-  
 course; *Theopista* wept, & his Sons  
 likewise wept. The brother the  
 brother, the husband the wife, the  
 mother the sons, and the sons now  
 their father, now their mother did  
 hug, and embrace, mixing congra-  
 tulations with kisses, and embitter-  
 ring their kisses with tears. Every  
 thing concluded in expressions of  
 kindness , and the mutest were  
 most

most eloquent. All these love-extrasies they ended at the foot of a Crucifix, where what discourses of gratitude, what sense of devotion, what affections of affection, and what protestations, and resignations they made, I cannot describe. The Angells have done it, who, spectators of so delicate and wonderfull a scene, have registred their Acts in the Annals of eternity, to present them to God, as a pleasing sight to him who is in his own Iphcar, when he shines among the flames of an enamour'd heart.

They supt, but gaz'd more than they did eat, the communication of their miseryes past refreshing them more, than the delicatest meat, though it had been drest by the skilfullest hand, and with the rarest sauces in the world.

In the morning they went to the Army, which rendezvous'd together,



ther, expected them, waving with gladness, acclamations, and such joyfull applause, that it plainly appeared the happiness alone of the Generall, was the soul of that vast body, considering his dignity, but the heart, if we consider their affections.

This day they were jocund and joviall, and consumed the next in preparations to be gone, the word being given through the Campe of their future dislodging. *Eustachius*, when the legions, the baggage, and prisoners were marcht away, went directly to *Rome*, in the midway to which he received advice, that *Trajan*, the just, the valiant, and couragious, was dead, which disturb'd in some sort the contentment of his heart. Something should be said in the praise of his vertue, if the name of *Trajan* had not been the greatest praye the memorialls of that age could

could commemorate. The Generall publisht the news to the Legions, who wept not for his death, for at the same time, they heard of the succession of *Adrian*, nor was it lawfull, or at least secure to weep, when tears might maliciously be interpreted, and said to be shed, rather for the coronation of the one, than the death of the other. In those tyrannous times, they lookt not, nor spake without counsell, and before they went abroad, receiv'd information of the interests of the Prince, to know what kind of Countenance they should wear through the City.

*Eustachius* arriving in *Rome*, was receiv'd in that manner by the Emperour, that he found no want of *Trajan*. I relate not the ceremonyes at his meeting, his prayes, the concourses of people, the Images, Crowns, and triumphall arches, because in each place

place, where vertue appears, she drags triumphs after her, and he's much more fortunate than valiant, whose vertue can receive augmentation of glory by a triumph.

*Adrian* embraced, commended, and rewarded him, augmenting his titles, his riches, and authority. *Adrian's* whole discourse still concluded with the prudence, the valour, and fortune of *Placidus*. *Placidus* was the Emperors right hand, the apple of the eye of the Empire, and a patterne for the Lords. All lookt on him, not only as a valiant Commander, but a favorite, He that of *Placidus* could dispose whose Genius was supposed predominant o're *Adrians*, thought he could command the Prince: *Adrian* made him often tell the story of his life, and kist, and hugg'd him often in his bosome, and sometimes was so jealous,

lous, and sometimes so delighted with him, that he challenging a share in the fortunate successe of so raging a tempest, said, in the health of *Placidus*, he ow'd his first triumph to the Gods.

*Placidus* dispatcht all affaires, and calm'd and resolv'd all the Emperours cares, and doubts. But what wonder is't, that vertue should be lov'd, and respected. *Placidus* never went into the Royall Cabinet, but learning, and truth enterd with him, necessary conditions for the *Moses*, who is to be there to discourse with his God. His Power never swell'd him at all, and though in so short a space of time, he attain'd to such greatness, that his looks and command were held in the same veneration, yet he more humble, and more affable to all than before, then onely shew'd his greatneis, when he had an opportunity.

portunity to shew his magnanimity. He had a heart of ashes, and still thought upon his own vileness. As the Bee that the wind should not carry him away; he still carry'd in his hands the base stone of his condition. He had not, like *Philotas*, need of shoes soal'd with lead, to the end the winde of vanity, should not raise him from the earth. Death, and the Cross, were the Anchor and Mast, which secured this Ship. He knew well the feathers of birds, that were offer'd up in holocausts, were thrown on the dunghill, and that the more the Syren of greatness allures, the more needfull it is for *Ulysses*, to be ty'd to the mast, for his own preservation.

The greater his power was, the more stil the followers, or to speak better, the fishers of Fortune extended their netts, and toyl'd for his favour. Every one believ'd, he  
had

had stopt the rowling wheele of his fortune, when he thought, he was sure of his power. Every one directed his motions to the splendour of this light, which was reverenc'd by all, as the North Star of this Heaven. O with what ease do our eys deceive themselves !

Whither it be the nature of affection, whose heat's the less durable, by being the more vehement, or whither it be the nature of nature, which having to every thing prescribed a mutation, reduces that faster to the center, which she hath with greater violence exalted to the summit, *Placidus* had a fall.

Confide he in the favour of man, who is a greater favourit, more deserving, and more necessary to his master, than *Placidus* was to *Adrian*. He fell, but he fell into Paradise. This is a fortunate precipice, for he fell into the

the lap of eternall and incomprehensible felicity, but yet tis a precipice, for a terrible and dreadful example of human mutability,

That a man for his vertue respected, and for his condition most powerfull, well spoken of by all, desired by all Nations, and victorious in all battailes, whom his Countrey glory'd in, the age he liv'd in honour'd, and in whom the Prince said he was happy, should set in an instant, be examin'd by a hangman, unjustly condemn'd and sentenc'd by that mouth, which more than any other carest, kist, and made him renowned, is a thing so full of horror, that I hold the man mad, who after so notorious an example, will trust in his own prudence, and think it sufficient to support him in the favour of man, be he never so friendly, or oblig'd.

The

The ancient Roman Emperors, after any remarkable victory gave publicly thanks to their Gods, which they used to do with that pompe of apparrell, and train of applauses, that many times the altars had occasion to envy their bravery, who offer'd Incense on them, and still he was ador'd more devoutly that discharged the vow, than he that had given the successe.

The pompe predesign'd for the glory of this sacrifice, receiving the Period expected so long, *Adrian* with bravery more becoming a magnificent ostentation, than a devout and great gratitude, repayred to the Temple to give the Gods thanks, for the Empire so great, and victory so glorious they propitiously had given him. He went into the Temple, attended and applauded by all his greatest Princes, beginning his  
function



function with the accustomed piety of the fortunate, who usually place all their devotion in the charge they are at in the sacrifice. When the end drew nigh, he looking about him, remembered that *Placidus* was not there, and sighing, quickly feard, lest some sudden distemper might surprize him in that manner, as to hinder him from waiting upon him.

He said to himself, he cannot be ingratefull, to whose only glory the victory we consecrate is due; nor can he be thought irreligious, for he is well known and respected, as descended from as holy a man as Heaven hath on earth, and he will not degenerate. The sacrifice no sooner was ended, but the Emperour with extraordinary kindness, was extremely desirous to know what had happen'd to his *Placidus*, who as soon as he came into the Temple (not without a universall astonishment)

I

nishment) he heard, departed thence in great hast with his sons.

*Adrian* more doubtfull than before, and more irresolute, gave order, that *Placidus* should again be sought after, and if he were well, should repaire unto him, who stayd to speak with him, with unspeakable anxiety. The Emperour scarce arriv'd at the Palace, when *Placidus* appeared with his sons, and *Adrian* soon looking serenely complained of him, as if it had troubl'd him much, to be so long uncertain of his health whom he loved, and favoured in that manner.

And what could I think (he quickly said to him) but that you were ill, since you were not present at the sacrifice, we offer'd to the Gods, out of gratitude for a victory, which more for the benefit of your glory, than the growth  
of

of the Roman Empire; they so prodigally have favour'd, and assisted. Surely something of great consequence (to the standers by great scandall) made thee go from the Temple, where the Gods would have hath thee to be gratefully religious, and exemplar.

Sir, reply'd *Placidus*, you accuse me of a fault I never committed. If because I was not present, where cold, mute, and impotent stones are ador'd, you think me ingratefull to Christ, who only is the giver of victoryes, you guess very ill.

*Adrian* at these words, whether amaz'd, or ambiguous, I know not, looking on the ground, and with the forefinger of his right hand, scratching lightly his hair, stood still a little while, like one that thinks on things, and resolves not what to do, then dying his countenance with his doubts,

I a

he

he blusht, and grew pale, began, and was silent. In the end, he composing himself as well as he could, sent out of his mouth, which express'd indignation, these words, or the like.

Let's be cautious, O *Placidus*, of speaking against Heaven, for the matter is too nice. Jestings is not good, where simplicity or malignity ill apply'd, may occasion bad examples to the publique. Though the knowledge men have of thy goodness, secures thee from the fear of being reputed irreligious, thou shouldst not bring me into the danger of blame, for too much forbearance, by permitting such things to be spoken in my presence, which cannot be peaceably heard, without the blasphemy of the ear.

Sir, reply'd *Eustachius*, grown red with the holy Ghost, whosoever professes his Religion, does  
jest

jest. For the Victories I have had, I have thank'd the gracious God that bestows them. If I waited not on you where *Jupiter* and *Mars* are adored, 'twas onely that I could not endure to see, not onely vainly, but wickedly, the incenses consum'd, which belong to the Lord of Hell, where *Mars* and *Jupiter* themselves are eternally tormented.

O God, what do I hear? Is *Placidus* so terrible a Blasphemer? *Placidus* so pertinacious a Christian? A Christian, and Blasphemer, even to my face? Fear we so little the Thunderbolts of Heaven? Is *Adrian's* Sword and Justice so slenderly regarded? Souldiers, keep him in hold, his greatness will serve to get Fortune renown. Some violent distraction of minde hath perhaps overcome him, and therefore give him time and opportunity to re-

collect himself. A sacrifice will rectify his error, and when no hope is left, I'll finde out a way to repair the veneration of the Gods, and save the Law from violence. No greatness of Fortune, prerogative of Valour, or protection of Favour, is security to any that refuses to worship our Gods, during *Adrian's* reign. Shut him up again, and keep him safe.

*Placidus* would have answer'd; but the violence of *Adrian's* passion, which carried him away, made him lose that opportunity. In the mean time, the Souldiers surrounded him, while he full of spirit, began to preach, and publickly profess his belief, detesting the Idols, and preaching the truth of *Christs* Law to all the Guard of *Cesar*. Yet none was so bold to approach to offend him; so powerfully the rayes of his Virtue,

ture, which commanded a respect in each person, were darted by him.

Why delay ye, Fellow-Souldiers, he mildly spake to them, why do ye delay? Is this the Discipline you learnt in my School? Obey ye so slowly your General? What respect retards you? Is't perhaps to do me honour? Honour me by imitating the readiness with which I have alwayes obey'd my Superiours. A Master's commands should be executed, not examin'd. Approach free'y to me, I defend not my self, I long have aspir'd to these Manacles. Behold here are my hands, binde them if you please, I refuse not to be ty'd: He was bound harder, and more ignominiously, for whose sake ignominies shall be glorious to me, and wounds serve for trophyes. In one thing alone ye may gratifie the affecti-

on I have alwayes had for you; if ye speedily send to *Adrian*, and tell him I am *Eustachius*, not *Placidus*, a Professor of Christianity, no Idolater; and that if from me, my Wife, or my Sons, he hope for any other confession, he hopes for it in vain. He shall see by our undauntedness, what manner of Gods he serves; who loves his God as heartily as we do love ours: and if he'll determine any thing on our lives, who so firmly persist in our faith, let him speedily do it, to decline the loss of time in his Counsels, and retard not the reward of our Victories.

These words being spoken with a stable and fearless countenance, begat an amazement in the Auditors, which turned in the end into pity. Every one was sorry for him; and there was not any person so vile, that would not  
very



very willingly have open'd a vein, to avoyd seeing him brought to so ill an end, who was as good as happy, and so happy, that he could desire nothing of Fortune, because she had nothing left to give him.

When the rumour was spread through the City, that *Placidus* was carry'd to Prison, the People abashed, came running with such tacit confusion, that the streets; though full of Persons, would have been suppos'd a Desert, if they had given credit to their ears, the tumult here making no noyse, and quietness not reposing. The silence was such as is usually occasion'd by abundance of fear, or a sorrow incapable of revenge. The cause of this strangeness was both terrible and ambiguous to them, who could not think him impious that was so well known, nor excuse a  
 I 5 wicked

wicked deed of a Prince so much fear'd.

*Adrian* inform'd with what constancy *Eustachius* contemn'd both Death, and the Gods, was mad with indignation, and perhaps too with grief, for without extream violence we pass not to hatred from love; so deeply and tacitly this potent affection of affection takes root in our hearts. Supposing himself to be vilify'd and despis'd, as he was contriving a revenge, a new information surpriz'd him, that *Theopista*, with her sons, was as ready to accompany her Husband into Prison, as she did in his Belief. He heard that all four, unanimously and publickly detesting the Idols, (not without the Peoples wonder and attention) stood preaching and extolling the merit of their Religion. He, (overcome by a violent passion) which trans-

transported him against them; would precipitously have commanded their present execution, if some persons of authority, commiserating the sadness of their case, and endeavouring the appeasing of his fury, had not made him believe, 'twould be more advantageous to the Empire, and Religion, to conquer *Eustachius*, than kill him. They represented to *Adrian*, *Eustachius* was a Person belov'd of the People, and Armies, and 'twas necessary, not onely commendable, to give him some time, that his contumacy might justifie the punishment, or repentance make glorious his imprisonment. This, as the best resolution, was concluded; and therefore the Prisoner was inform'd, he should prepare himself to make the Gods a sacrifice, or be sacrific'd himself. This combat continued three dayes, during

ring which time, all the Christians of the City were not wanting to visit him, to comfort and encourage him. His friends us'd all means for his safety, and the Emperour invaded him by his intimate acquaintance. The last temptation was suggested by a Friend; who, though sent by Cesar, feign'd he came of himself out of kindness, and an earnest desire to preserve him; insomuch as what Arts the School sels, Dissembling can counterfeit, or Interest devise, he put in execution; and making a mixture of affection, of arguments, offers, and threats, and tempering and insuing each thing in commendations, the last and most powerfull enchantment to Persons of Valour; labour'd mightily to corrupt him.

Dearest *Enstachius*, what is become of thy renowned Virtue,  
the

the scourge of our Enemies, the prop of our Empire, and glory of our Age? Who hath perswaded thee to make thy self an Enemy to the Gods, by opposing the Religion of thy Ancestors, the Law of thy Prince, and injuring the simplicity of the People, who by thy example will protect the injuries done to the Gods, which have made thee victorious against all the powers, and triumphant under that space of Heaven they govern and illuminate? *Eustachius*, thou dissentest from thy self, not onely from thy Prince, and our faith. Why leav'st thou the Religion thou so frequently hast defended with thy dangers, so often augmented with victories, and so many times authoriz'd with thy noble and sumptuous sacrifices, even to the exhausting of thy Treasure? Is this the gratitude thou professest to the Gods;  
 who

who so often have made thee victorious, and sharing, as it were, their Divinity with thee, have allow'd men as well to swear by thy happiness, as by their own omnipotency.

Some Devil, an Enemy to the People of *Rome*, hath perverted thee. The justice of those Gods, who never abandon'd thy protection, till they saw thee their Enemy, make thee see the injustice of thy cause. Consider, dear Friend, what condition thou art in; from the high way of triumphs, and greatness, thou art fallen into Prison, and the danger of thy head; Ah unhappy man, who will assist thee? Will that God peradventure, whose own hands are nail'd? Wilt thou therefore dishonour the glory of thy name, ruine thy state, and the greatness of thy Family, and bury the hopes of thy Country, which

which promis'd it self, in thy valour and prudence, a long and sure prop to its happiness? Wilt thou despise the fortune which offers it self unto thee by the favour of the Prince, who, because he might not see thee destroy'd, exhibites to make thee so great, that thou in all the world shalt have none above thee, he onely excepted, who is second to none that is not a God. All thy friends and alliance, with tears and prostrate hearts, beseech thee not to do it. Wilt thou see so many tears shed in vain, and so many friends deceiv'd, for a God condemn'd, and punish'd? They have bought thy protection with the sweat of their labours, and have spent, and still passionately desire to spend their blood for the glory of thy Family and Name; and wilt thou give consent to abandon them? Ah, they may have reason to fear it, if

If thou tak'st delight in holding them so long in suspense, and go'st about even to abandon the Gods themselves. But who, but who are they, which remov'd not far from thee, groan under the weight of so many Chains, in so dark and so dreadfull a Prison? Ah wretch that I am, whom do I behold? Are they, or are they not the same? Are those thy so valourous Sons, and that thy Wife so chaste, whom thou so much lovedst? Ah *Placidus*, and canst finde in thy heart to see them torn in pieces? And why grow'st thou so cruelly perverse on the sudden to thy Friends, thy Wife, thy Sons, thy self, and the Gods of thy Progenitors, of thy Prince, thy Country, and Triumphs?

*Eustachius* inspired by God, turning himself towards his Sons with a smile, lest his valour might be stain'd if he fell to words,



words, when he had the command of his Sword, spake to them in this manner.

We must now, my Beloved, resolve to do something; and what will ye do? To enjoy a short eternity, will ye disgust the Friends which counsel us so well? For a God, though a Creator and Redeemer, will ye offend a Prince, that hath done you the honour to let you spill so often your blood, to uphold him in his Throne? For a God displeas'd with our loving Deities, though Heaven be his Temple, and by nature he be goodness it self, and virtually omnipotent, shall we leave off offering up Incense to these beautifull Statues, where men admire the excellency of Art, and harken to infernal Consultations? If ye'll resolve on this, besides the leave ye'll have of the most gracious Prince,

Prince, to spill again your blood for his sake; he will too permit you, (since the loss of your souls is inevitable, if ye dye in rebellion against the true God) to live at least, and quickly leade a fortunate life, if it be a happy life, to have many occasions of contesting with the dangers and miseries of war, emulation, envy, sickness, and servitude.

So spake he to them; then turning himself to his idolatrous Counsellour, he added; I both excuse and pity thee: Thou dost not comprehend what our souls aspire to; we thirst after favours and lives which are not terrestrial. Report, we do not adore Gods, Desflowerers of Virgins, Incestuous to their Sisters, and Deceivers of Men; Gods that are Parricides, Adulterers, Rapacious, Impostors, and Blood-suckers, born to the shame, not protection of the world,

world, and deify'd onely by them; who under the shadow of a Deity, that loves, and does not punish impieties, seek to shelter their consciences. And is't possible a Man of Valour, though no Christian, should not be asham'd to see himself prostrate at the foot of a God, more wicked than wickedness it self? And is't possible he should not know these Incenses are consum'd in vain; and so many, and such chargeable Victims, are to no other end, but to waste our Wealth and Goods? These are Gods which rob us, though dead, and though ador'd. O blindness! That God is not ours, which seeks our perdition; and that God is no God, that knows not how to hinder his own. Let us bestow our incenses where we have our hopes. We hope not in impieties, in wickednesses, and  
 eternal

eternal blasphemers of Gods name, by whom they condemn'd, will alwayes feel the punishment of their pride and rebellion.

I can answer you no other-wise, but that you know us not, if you threaten us. And what wouldst thou have us to fear? Shame? And think'st thou that he'll dye of shame, who, a Conquerour of the Devil, and the World, dyes serving, and to serve his Creator? What would'st thou have us fear? Death? A Christian hopes for death, and fears it not. Gods knife, not *Adrians*, affrights us. A Christian hath his Country, his faith, hope, treasures, and glory in Heaven. He is not a Countrey-man of this life. Whosoever kills him, does not drive him from the Earth, but helps him to get sooner to Heaven, whither he (here a Pilgrim) aspires. O unhappy man, that to live a few days, would lose such

a fortunate occasion of eternally  
 beatifying himself. But why nam'd  
 I a few days? If thou canst assure  
 me of a moment of time for sacri-  
 ficing to thy Gods, I am ready to  
 tell thee, I will readily do it: but  
 if that cannot be, (so fading and  
 uncertain is this our frail life) why  
 wouldst thou make me lose an e-  
 ternal felicity for a very short mo-  
 ment of time? for a moment uncer-  
 tain? for a moment, which, if cer-  
 tain, would have howsoever more  
 torment than life? Friend, we will  
 dye, even to fly this so troublesome  
 life, much more to serve our God,  
 that is so full of power. And this  
 life is too vile, too uncertain, and  
 too dependant; and we passionately  
 desire once to dye, to behold our  
 most mercifull God, to whose one-  
 ly presence our souls do aspire and  
 sigh. Ah, O my Sons, shall we ne-  
 ver attain to this happiness? Shall  
 we never get to tast it? O most  
 happy we, if our God will be  
 pleas'd

pleas'd to confer it on us. And what shall we do in that blessed light, which never is eclipsed? In that inexhaustible and incomprehensible Sea of delights, and consolations? Will these petty disasters we suffer for his sake, prove bitter or sweet, profitable or sad? Ah woe's me, a frail and poor Creature, who love not even so well my God, but that the flesh makes me think of interest, of pleasure, and reward. Be not scandaliz'd my sons, let's fight, let's suffer, and dye for the onely love of God. God alone be our object, our reward, and our interest. Though he did not intend to reward us, he deserves to be belov'd; and how much for us hath he done? Ah scourges, ah thorns, ah lances, ah nails, and ah cross, ye know very well.

They spake here all together, as expressing the consent of four valiant persons, who animating  
one

one another, as they fortify'd themselves, so made the Spectators relent. The Orator, confounded, and unable to compass his end, returned to *Adrian*, relating to him, he had met with a Prison full of Constancy; where he that expected to dye, was more fearfull of the slowness, than the sharpness of his Sword.

*Adrian* implacably incens'd with this last relation, calling *Placidus* ingratefull, sacrilegious, and seditious, and invoking particularly each God, extoll'd and exaggerated the merit of his own piety. That he had rather part with a Minister of state, though usefull and glorious to the Empire, than that Heaven should be sacrific'd to by his hand. When he with exclamations, complaints, threats, and injuries, had sufficiently enflam'd and tormented himself, (the authority of the Devil his Counsellor prevailing  
at

at last) he resolv'd to blot *Placidus* out of the book of life; and ask'd by his will, what death they should dye; the Lions, he reply'd, should devour them, who had for that purpose fasted three dayes together.

The innocent Christians were led to the Theater, whither they went with a faith deserving a Theater. The People (who with tears resented their condition) accompany'd and pitied them with a sorrow and compassion that cannot be express'd. Every one was sorry for the Sons unhappy youth, and every one for the Parents affliction. Some thought the death of the young men was most worthy of pity, because they were cut off in the flower of their age, while others had a greater compassion for the Parents, supposing their death to be the more pretious, for by losing themselves, and their Sons, they lost and lamented



mented more lives. When the Theater was open'd, and the persons condemned appear'd, who more cheer'd up themselves in their dangers, no eye was free from tears, especially when they saw, and heard *Eustachius* speak, who kneeling in the midst of his beloved family, cry'd aloud with his hands rear'd to Heaven.

Though all hell should be let loose, much less a few Lyons, he can have no feare that loves thee, O Lord. Thou art too sweet, and too dear, O sweet and dear Love of our love. Behold us at thy feet, most ready and prepar'd for a sacrifice, which is not so pure, and immaculate, as thou dost deserve, is what four poor, and miserable sinners can give thee. With thy loving mercyes, make it what thou would'st have it to be for thy glory. What say ye dear Sons? are ye glad of this occasion, to shew your prompt obedience, to

K                      our

our most gracious Father and God. Take ye pleasure that he see, he hath not given so much to you, but that ye are ready to present, and sacrifice more to him, if it lay in your power? Offer up to him, and give him that life, he so often hath bestow'd upon you, preserv'd and made noble. Which way will these Lyons come out? Will they make peradventure to this place? Come valorous Sons, let us bend thither. Ye are well acquainted with Lyons, ye have conquer'd them formerly, when ye were not old enough to distinguish them: Will ye now be afraid of them, when ye fight for Gods sake?

Ah dear husband (his wife interrupting him began) wrong not the valour of our Sons. Ye, O my Sons shall stand here together, and I here before: She will lead you out of this life, who brought you into it. Give prayes to God  
for

for the victory , and bless and invoke him. O holy , thrice holy , and a thousand times holy , behold us at the sacrifice , we so often have desir'd. Accept O amorous , accept most loving flame of our breasts , this litte and last , but cordiall oblation of our wish.

When the grates were open'd , the Lyons (very hungry and at liberty) issu'd forth , whose horrible roaring made all the spectators afraid , for they came with that violence and fury , that the holy Martyrs obsequies were lamented by all , e're their death. None could endure to behold this destruction , so as with a generous aversion , all lookt another way , not now not to pity , but to shun the the first encounter of so sad , and so skreaking a compassion. Now every one , disliking so merciless a spectacle , departed , abhorring and detesting so barbarous a cruelty ,

when behold a sudden hissing arising, each eye was recall'd to the Theater, and o'ecome with the wonder of an accident, which disorder'd, and terrifi'd each breast, and each conscience.

When the Lyons were unchain'd, and came furiously to the grate, which was set wide open, they no sooner approached to the prey, but fearfull, harmless, and hungry, retreated, and carrying low their heads, ( shewing they were conquer'd by the vertue of men, who though living on earth, were of Heaven ) perswaded the people to magnify Gods power, who not onely when he pleases, makes Lyons, but the pillars themselves, that bear up the Heavens, tremble, totter, and shake.

In the most noble fabrique of the Temple of *Solomon*, I remember not, that in any of the Chapters, or bases of brasse were figur'd  
certain

certain knobs, composed of Cherubins, of Lyons, and Palme-trees. Behold here a mystery verifi'd. *Enstachius*, *Theopistas* and their Sons, representing four Cherubins, with the branches of Palme-trees adorning their hands, came conquerours out of the midst of those Lyons, whom still with great ease, the servants of God have usually o'recome, as if they were Lambs, and not Lyons. *Adrian*, to whom the relation of the miracle was brought with all speed, poyson'd with the fury of his vilifi'd Devill, lifting his hands towards Heaven, and feigning he was comforted, that he might not confess he was o'recome. O Eternall Providence, brake forth, even the beasts themselves abhor those ill-bred People, which rebell'd against the Gods. The Lyon never shew'd his magnanimity more seasonably, than by scorning

such wicked, and infamous nourishment. But let them not brag, their sacriledges were unpunish'd, for my sword is keen enough, to roote out of the world so pestiferous a grasse. I must not let the Peoples simplicity be deluded by their incantations, who that they might detract from the glory of our Gods, have made hell protect their impiety. Remove them from the Theater.

The next morning the Tyrant arose by break of day, whose fury would not suffer him to rest. He was very much afflicted, to see his vast Empire inferiour in valour, to the courage of four persons, arm'd with nothing els, but the only name of **J E S U S**.

The ancient Emperors, to martyrize the Christians, kept a huge brazen Bull, the invention I believe of some Devill, who brought a hell on earth, which when 'twas red

red hot by a vehement fire, affrighted and terrifi'd whosoever beheld it.

This machine exposed in publique, which scar'd even him, that went neer to it, the barbarous Tyrant gave command, the four Champions should be put, and enclosed in it's bulke. O number proportion'd to the forme of a basis, whole quadrangular firmeness was most fit, to support the growing Church.

This liker a Devill, than a Bull, was no sooner made hot, but dreadfully at his eyes, his mouth, and his nostrills, breathing smoak, and flames, was sufficient to terrify, even heaven it self, much more the poor breast of a man, whom the meer apprehension of death was enough to deterre and deject. Those breathings, which in every other creature were the arguments of life, were in this infernall

nall monster the symptomes of  
 death. While the Machine waxed  
 hot, the matter enflaming it self  
 (which naturally being cold, by  
 how much the more vigorously it  
 resisted the heat, by so much the  
 more violently receiv'd and-distrib-  
 uted the heat with more paine) I  
 imagine to my self, the prisoner  
 first assaulted by the aire, which  
 with its heat invading his head,  
 did threaten to choake him. That  
 part of the brasse then growing  
 more vehemently hot, which nee-  
 rest the fire, endur'd the first as-  
 saults, the poor tormented crea-  
 ture, beginning first to feele his  
 flesh singe, then fry, and consume,  
 could not choose (grown offensive  
 to himself) but grieve he was  
 forc'd to bewayle with unspea-  
 kable sorrow, the cruelty of that  
 punishment, which making him  
 survive his own flesh, caus'd him  
 to see those limbs, which so cruelly



(O death even painfull to our phancy) he had both felt die, and was forc'd to lament too when dead.

No sooner the cruell Emperors Command was perform'd, but the fire being lighted, in less than an houre, the Bull (which no longer was of brass, but all fire) threw up horrible sparkles from out of the midst of the ambient flames, with so dolefull a spectacle, that the standers by themselves, felt their bosomes and eyes melt with pity, at the sight of that object, which certainly without grieve, was not to be seen.

Our four couragious Champions were sacrific'd to truth, on this altar of torments, whose affectionate death I resolv'd to conceal, since I feel my heart broken to pieces, I would I could say with devotion, but I am so great a sinner, I dare not have such thoughts of my self. I

I confesse I abandon thee , O Reader , in the best of the story, since I should have represented the devotion , with which these holy Martyrs have yielded up the Ghosts , beseeching God to free them at last from these earthly afflictions, and make beneficiall to the piety of posterity , the memory of these sufferings , of which the first reward , was to hear a voyce speaking from Heaven to them, it shall be , as ye desire , O happy soules.

I confesse I should relate , how gloriously Gods omnipotence appear'd, by freeing them from so terrible a burning , where they were rather lulled asleep than consum'd , without the least harm of a hair , much less of their garments or flesh.

I confesse, it would redound very much to our profit , to meditate on the pity ( to our own confusion )

sion) which an unbelieving people afforded by their tears, of which the most wicked commiserated their punishment, and the best their faith did imitate. I confess all this, but what shall I do? my pen can write no more, grown feeble with compassion, as well as with weariness.

I have spent all my affections, it remaines now, O Reader, thou begin to use thine. And when e're again (before it be too late) wilt thou have such a fair opportunity to meditate, to weep, and to lead a better life.

**F I N I S.**